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A CHILD of the NIGHT

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER III.

I Find My Part a Difficult One.

I awoke with a start and looked about me, but could discern nothing, for the darkness was absolute, impenetrable. What it was that had disturbed me I could not guess. I was about to tell myself I had been dreaming, when I heard a stealthy footstep on the stair. A second followed. Some one was mounting cautiously. With heart leaping at promise of adventure, I grasped my sword and sat upright, noiselessly. The steps drew near and nearer; they were at the top of the stair—and in an instant some one had stumbled over my extended legs and come down with a crash upon the floor. I was upon the intruder in a flash, and was astonished to find it was a woman.

"Who are you?" I whispered fiercely, between my teeth. "And what seek you here?"

"Rather tell me what you seek here, Monsieur," answered a voice twisted and quivering with rage and malice, but which I nevertheless recognized as that of the concierge. "You have rented the compartment, but not the landing in front of it."

"I will occupy the landing no longer than tonight," I said. "But you have not yet told me your business here."

"I am going to bed," she answered sullenly. "My room is the one at the end of the corridor."

"Go, then," I said, loosing my hold of her, my suspicions not yet allayed. "But remember that I shall still be here, and it would be well for you to remain in your room till morning. Another fall such as that might snap some your dry, old, rotten bones."

The woman got slowly to her feet and I could hear her cursing softly to herself. She took a step away from me and paused. I could guess what her face was like!

"Since when has it been the fashion," she snarled, "for a young man to give up his bed to a pretty girl and himself sleep without the door? It was not so in my day."

"I can well believe it," I retorted. "Begone!"

She shuffled slowly down the passage. I heard the opening and closing of a door and all was still.

I wrapped my cloak about me once again, but sleep came no more to my eyes. The encounter had filled me with uneasiness. That she was simply on the way to her room, as she had said, I did not believe, but what her object was I could not guess. During my whole week's wanderings in the streets of Paris I had encountered no face which repelled me as did hers, with its yellow eyes, its sallow, withered cheeks, its surly, snarling mouth. When I had seen it first it had struck me as threatening and terrible, and this impression deepened as I saw it oftener. Somet ing, I know not what, about the women told me that she was trembling at heart, that she lived in a state of constant terror. A suggestion of the gutter and darkness seemed to cling to her, as though she had dragged herself through an abyss reeking with unspeakable foulness.

I coluld have sworn that she had read my thought in my eyes the first time I had looked at her, so livid did her face become, and this belief disturbed me so that I determined to change my lodging, but had chanced upon no other matching the lightness of my purse. I am not a man to be frightened at phantoms of my own imaginings, but as I sat there in the darkness I promised myself that another night should find me far from the Rue du Chantre.

Morning came, nad the filthy panes of the little window above the stairhead turned from black to gray as I sat there musing. I arose, removed from my clothing all the traces of the dirty floor and went down into the court, where I made my toilet at a trough in the yard, keeping one eye upon the stair meanwhile to see that none descended. I had scarce gained the stairhead again when the door of my room opened and Mille. Ribaut appeared framed in the doorway, fresh and rosy as a picture by Watteau.

"Good morning, M. le Moyne," she cried, and courtesied to me with a grace worthy of Louis' court.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle," I said bowing and taking her hand, which, I told myself, was one of the prerogatives of a brother. "I trust you slept well."

"Never better in my life, Monsieur," she answered gayly. "I have never before been honored with a guard at my door, especially son one whom I could rely so thoroughly."

I bowed again at the compliment, and she must have seen the tenderness which I could not keep from my face, for she drew her hand away and glanced nervously at the floor. I watched her glowing cheek with ravished eyes until, of a sudden, I remembered that a brother would not do so.

"Come, Mademoiselle," I cried, "we must get breakfast. I know a splendid place just around the corner, where they serve the most excellent coffee, and rolls which fairly melt in one's mouth."

"And I am famously hungry," she answered, laughing, her embarrassment forgotten in an instant. "Wait until I get my hat monsieur."

She was back in a moment, and we went down the stairs together and out into the street. The morning was bright and warm and the streets were thronged with people. I glanced again at my companion's happy face and resolved to do nothing which could bring a shade upon it, however difficult I might find the task.

We were soon at the cafe in the Rue de Beauvais, and the waiter gave us a little table in a corner near the window, where we could look out upon the busy street. I shall not soon forget that meal. Mlle. Ribaut laughed with delight at the coffee was placed before her, and served it with the prettiest grace in the world. As for me, I almost forgot to eat in gazing at her.

"You appear distracted, M. le Moyne," she cried. "I'll wager you are thinking with what an irksome charge you have burdened yourself."

"Not at all, Mademoiselle," I answered quickly. "I was thinking how difficult it is to be a brother to an adorable girl with whom one is just getting acquainted."

"I do not find it at all difficult, Monsieur," and she laughed gayly. "I assure you I find it delightful to be a sister. I have never before been a sister, Monsieur, and I enjoy having a big brother immeiately."

I glanced at her merry face, but saw there only guilelessness and innocent good will. My heart fell within me, and I cursed myself for a fool."

"Well, Mademoiselle," I began.

"Oh, come, Monsieur," she interrupted, "does a man always call his sister Mademoiselle?"

"No more than a sister calls her brother Monsieur," in retorted readily.

"Well, my name is Nanette, as I have already had the honor of telling you," she said.

"And mine is Pierre."

She clapped her hands together gleefully.

"Splendid!" she cried. "We are getting along famously. I think it is a very pretty name—Piere. Now, what was it you were about to say?"

In the shock of delight at hearing her pronounce my name I had quite forgotten. But I rallied my wits with an efffort.

"I was about to say that at 10 o'clock I shall call upon your uncle. I shall approach him with an assured air, as one who will not brook denial. I shall say to him that you would rather die than consent to this marriage and that you will not return home until he agrees to say no more about it."

"Ah, you do not know my uncle," she said easily. "Believe me, Pierre, he will never agree."

"In that case," I answered, with a cheerfulness I confess I did not feel, "we will secure a cottage at St. Cloud or some other delightful place. I will send for my sister, who is in retreat at Aignan, and who would rejoice to come. You will love each other, I am sure. And there we shall all live happily together until your uncle does consent or until an apoplexy carries him off."

"That will be charming!" she cried with dancing eyes. "I almost hope he will not consent, so that it may come true. But, Pierre," and she hesitated.

"Yes?"

"All this will take money," she continued after a moment, "and you told me your fortune is not great."

"Well, I will increase it." I declared, though I confess I had no idea how I should do so unless I enlisted as a brigand under that arrant knave and prince of thieves, Cartouche. Yet not even that could I do—there was my sister—I had kissed the cross—you shall hear.

She was silenced for a moment, and then took a purse from the bosom of her dress.

"Will you keep this for me?" she asked, "and use it when there is need? 'Tis what I brought from home with me, my sweet meat money."

"Impossible," I protested. "Keep your money, Mademoiselle."

She looked at me a moment with quivering lips.

"That is not like my brother," she said at last. "My brother would understand that I do not wish to be a burden to him. At least he would consent to keep it for me for fear I might lose it."

I reached out, took the purse and placed it carefully in my bosom.

"When you wish for it again, you have only to ask for it, Nanette," I said.

"That is better," and her face cleared. "And now, Pierre, what shall I do while you are conferring with my uncle?"

"I think it will be best for you to remain in my room," I answered after a moment's thought. "I will return there at once, so soon as I have seen him, and if we are successful we can set about securing that cottage I mentioned a moment ago."

"Very well," she said sedately. "And I assure you that I shall not be idle. I saw some clothing in your room that was, oh, so badly in need of repair. I intend to make you a good sister. Pierre."

"A good soster!" I murmured, and bit my lip to keep it still.

"Yes, a good sister," and then she looked at me, her face suddenly serious. "But there is one thing that must be remedied—I know so little about my brother. You must tell me more, Pierre."

"Ah, I should love to!" I cried. "And you really care to know?"

"All! All!" she nodded, and leaned towards me, her chin in her hands, her elbows on the table, "Of my life I told you in a sentence—I have done nothing—nothing has happened to me. But with you, it is different—you are a man. You have lived always in the great world."

I looked at the curve of her dainty wrists, the little pink, interlocked fingers, the cheeks soft and delicate as peach-bloom, and then up into the eyes, dark, pure and quite fathomless. I pinched my leg beneath the table to make sure I was not dreaming. Was ever youth so fortunate?

"We have an hour," she concluded. "You are going to see my uncle at ten—it is not yet nine. So you will have time to tell me all—every word."

"Yes, evrey word," I echoed. "But shall it be here, or——"

"Oh, here! Here it is so cozy, so homelike, and we seem to have known each other for ages instead of merely since last night. Can it be that I have known you only since last night?"

"No," I said, with conviction. "We have known each other long and long, only fate held us apart. Now we can laugh at fate."

"Yes. But the story."

"Very well—the story.' '

"And, mind—no skipping!" she cried, shaking her finger at me warningly. "I must have every word."

Who, looking deep into her eyes, could have lacked inspiration?

CHAPTER IV.

In Which I Come to Paris.

But it was not to tell that story I set pen to paper. Indeed, it were scarce worth the telling, save to sympathetic ears, such as were those tiny pink ones into which I poured it that morning.

Yet, two words about it.

We of Marsan have not always been so poor. Time was, when, as fief of the house of Cauteret, we held broad fields and deep woods. Unfortunately, M. le Comte, being half-Spanish himself, was so foolish as to espouse the Spanish side in one of the innumerable intrigues against the thirteenth Louis—they trod so fast upon each other's heels that I never knew just which it was. At any rate, in the event, M. le Comte was fain to seek safety on his wife's estates at Valladolid, and rode away merrily enough, little regretting France.

We le Moynes, though we had followed M. le Comte to battle as in duty bound, were honest enough to refuse to change our French coats for Spanish ones, and so remained behind. We were too small fry to attract the displeasure of the king, who had a host of greater cares to worry him, so we were left to follow our own devices and keep ourselves from starving as best we might.

The 60 years preceding my arrival had been spent by the le Moynes getting a living as honestly as might be, and if we found a bit of brigandage needful now and again to keep body and soul together, why, we were ever ready to answer for it, man to man.

It was in a small house of stone on the right bank of the Midouze I first saw the light. My father I never knew—he had been killed in some foray a month or two before my birth—but my mother continued living on there with her husband's brother, Chabert le Moyne, and his wife. The first ten or 12 years of my life passed peacefully enough, my mother giving me such instruction as she could, and insisting that I go with her every Saturday morning, wet or shine, to the cure for my lesson. The remainder of the time I spent as it pleased me—wandering along the river or paddling about in it; or exploring the great forest, which had one time belonged to M. le Comte, but which was now the king's.

But at the age of 12 my uncle Chabert took me suddenly in hand. This was the more surprising because, up to that time he had taken not the slightest notice of me, save to assist me dwith his toe whenever he chanced to find me scrambling out of his way. But now all this was changed. I must learn to ride, it seemed; to shoot with the pistol and to use dagger and rapier. I tell you, he kept me busy—and how I relished it! There were some hard falls, just at the first that shook the teeth in my head, until I learned the trick of sticking to my horse's back, but after that only the long rides and the bouts with my uncle. He seldom let me escape without a tap or two on the crown, just to show me what a booby with the blade I was, but I thought nothing of such petty things.

He was a tall, lean man, this uncle of mine, with moustache twisted to a needlepoint above a mouth which never opened needlessly. His eyes, too, I remember—few cared to meet them at any time, none when he was enwrathed. A dozen blackguards, who lived somewhere near by—God knows where!—called him master and would have joyfully gone to hell for him. Sometimes they would gather at the house at nightfall, my uncle would kiss his wife and stamp out to his horse. I, looking big-eyed from one corner of the little window in my bedroom, would see him fling himself into the saddle and spur away, the others falling in naturally behind.

It was enough to make one tremble, and if I ventured down the ladder into the room where my aunt and mother were—pretending I wanted a drink or some such thing—I would find them in tears, and my mother would look at me sorrowfully and draw me tenderly to her and weep over me, as though some dreadful fate threatened me. The days that followed they would spend in horrible suspense, and how they would welcome him when he came riding home again!

I understood nothing of all this, but my sister did. For it was at this time she came home from the convent at Aignan, where the good sisters had been caring for her. She had been sent there, a mere baby, at the time my mother was expecting me, and she had been kept there since, we being too poor to feed another mouth, and the good sisters hoping that she would end in the cloister. But when the time came, she found herself lacking in courage or devotion—I do not know, for this is one of the things about her I never quite understood—and so she was sent home again. At least, here she was, tall and fair and dark-eyed, and we were all a little afraid of her until we found how warm and tender her heart was. Yes, and brave, too—how could I have said she lacked courage?—as I was presently to find out for myself.

It was one evening in early June. As the twilight deepened along the river I heard far off the tramp of horses and knew that another journey was afoot. I went to the door to see them dash up along the road, and very fine and brave they looked to me. They pulled full-stop at the door, harness clanking, sword rattling against thigh, and my uncle, who was at table, hastily swallowed the last of his meat and rose to don sword and head-gear. I, who was still gaping out the door, heard the sound of my sister's voice.

"Where do you go, uncle?" she asked.

He was girding on his sword and paused an instant to look at her in sheer amazement Then he turned away without answering.

"If it be upon a Godless errand you go, as I suspect," she went on, quite calm and steady, "I pray you to think of your soul. What of it?"

My faith, but I was trembling for her and the women staring open-mouthed!

I saw my uncle's face darken, but he drew on his gauntlets and turned to the door, saying never a word. He found her before him. For a moment he stood gazing into her eyes with a gaze that brought the sweat to my forehead. I protest I am no coward, but I could not look in his face—no, not even now—with such calm as hers.

But the moment passed. With a swift movement of his hand he swept her from his path and strode from the house. We heard him leap to saddle and then the clatter of hoofs down the road. The girl stood silent, listening, until the distance swallowed up the sound.

"He will not come back," she said at last, with the air of a prophetess. "The Virgin told me so this morning. He will never come back, and he goes to his death unshriven."

Then she went from the room, while terror still held her hearers palsied.

Even yet I can remember the agony of those days, the prayers on our knees before the cross, the straining of eyes down the road. And then, at last, in the gray dawn of the fourth day, came the rush of a single horse's hoofs, and a rude clatter at the door. I, peeping out my window, saw a man sitting on his horse—such a man!—mud-stained, blood-stained, unkempt, breathless, with livid fear still on his face and in his eye. I could hear my aunt fumbling at the bar with trembling hands and then the door opened.

"Le Moyne is dead," said the man abruptly, in a terrible voice. "So are all the others but one or two. It was an ambush. We thought we had the coach and good plunder when out they spurred from front and rear, left and right. We had no chance, curse them! but they paid two for one—aye, four for Le Moyne. There was a man!" and with a horrible choking in his throat, he struck spur to flank and pushed on.

Well, we lived on in a way—the wood gave us fagots—the earth a little grain—sometimes my snares brought game to table. But what a life for a lusty youth of 19, hot with impatience to see the world, yet bound to three women! I loved them, I would not have left them, but how I gnawed my heart out with longing to be gone!

We were well off the highway, hidden deep in the woods along the river, else we must have fallen prey to violence ere we did, for that sister of mine had grown into a woman fit to make men mad to look at. But it came at last.

I was staggering home one day under a load of fagots from the wood—what a disgrace for a le Moyne to gather fagots! Mordieu, it makes me warm even yet to think of! Well, I was staggering home and cursing my unhappy fate, when of a sudden I heard a woman scream, and knew the voice for my sister's. I dropped the fagots and ran forward, stooping low to avoid the branches. In a moment I was at the house.

Before it were three horses, one of them bestrode by the finest gentleman I had ever seen, the others riderless. Through the open door came the sounds of a struggle.

"What is it?" I demanded roughly. "What do you here, Monsieur?"

He scarcely deigned me a glance.

"Be off, canaille!" he said, and turned to the door. "Bring her out," he cried, "but so much as a bruise and I'll kill you both."

And there appeared in the doorway two ruffiians bearing my sister between them.

Then I understood, and my blood turned to fire.

How I did it, I know no more now than I did then, but I sprang upon them and flung them right and left—one crashing against the door-post, the other backward into the road that I might stamp his life out. I heard a curse behind me and a whip was brought hissing down across my face—see, there is the scar, just at the corner of my eye. But I turned on him like the wild beast I in that moment felt myself to be, and dragged him down from the saddle. I knew the others would be upon me, that I could not escape, but I prayed Christ that I might kill him first. I had him by the throat, bending him backward; I saw his eyes start, his tongue swell—and then heavy steps behind me. I waited the stab that I knew must come. Ah, my brave sister! it was you who saved me, seizing my sword from the scabbard as it hung just within the door, and using it how well!

One rode away hot-foot in safety. The others lay where they had fallen, and we staring down at them. Then my sister looked at the red blade in her hand and dropped it, shuddering and faint.

"Their blood is on their own hands, not on ours," I said. "Why did they not pass in peace?"

"Yes, why did they not?" and she stared down at them. "I was here, alone, the others had gone to wash at the river, when they came by. He saw me, and—oh, infamous! The world is well rid of him!"

I saw the other women coming towards us under the trees, and then of a sudden I knew our danger.

"We cannot stay here,' I cried. "They will be back again. The one who fled will bring them, hot for ven-

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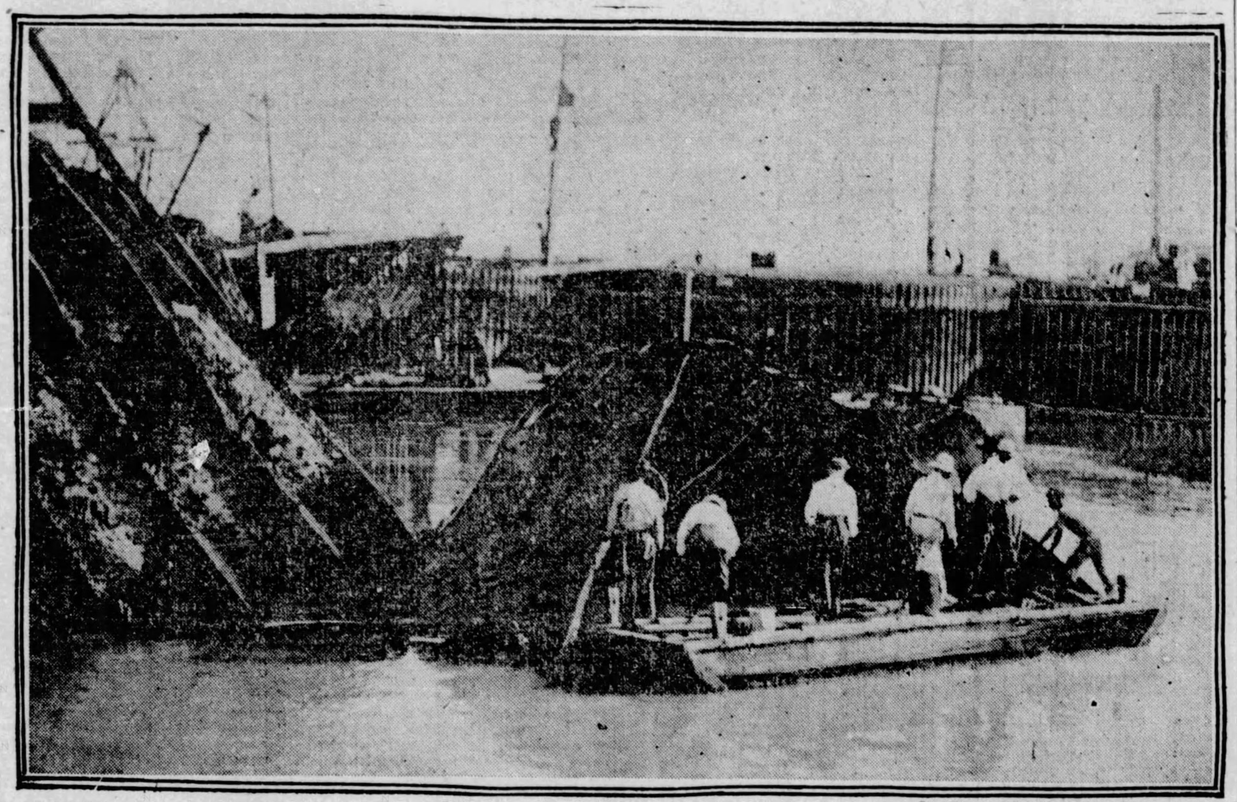
SAY INSIDE EXPLOSION DESTROYED THE MAINE



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Commission in charge of the Maine raising, consisting of army officers, General Bixby, Colonel Black, Colonel Patrick and Major Ferguson inspecting the wreck. It was General Bixby who was in charge of this commission who made the announcement yesterday that it was an inside explosion which destroyed the Maine.

Eggs by Billions and Cargoes

One staple food which the world seems never to have in quite sufficient supply is the egg of the unsyndicated, unmonopolized hen. Neither machine nor trust-managed, the hen makes an amazing record as a producer, but the market demand for her product is always strong and often urgent.

It is true that in countries like the United States prices fall far and fast in late winter and early spring, but that is because they have an abnormal height to fall from. It is true, also, that in the months of greatest production eggs are stored in vast quantities for the next winter, but that is only averaging the year's supply, in some degree, to meet the constant needs of consumers.

In the large view of the egg market there is never an over-supply. The average for the year proves this and also the average for the world. The extent and character of the international trade in eggs is evidence enough that it is necessary to go great distances to obtain eggs to meet the requirements of countries which import many more than they ship to other nations.

England imports eggs from several countries. Russia alone supplies the British markets with more than a billion eggs every year, and many of the eggs shipped from Rusia are really from Siberia. They cross Europe, after leaving Asia, to supply consumers in the United Kingdom. Canada has lately imported eggs in great quantities from China, especially to meet the needs of mining camps and lumber districts near the Pacific coast.

In fact, there is scarcely another food staple which is handled so freely, in so many directions, in international trade as eggs. Great Britain imports them from many countries, obtaining about 2,200,000,000 in all. The United States imports a comparatively small number of eggs from Canada and exports many times that quantity to the Dominion. There are few countries that do not import eggs under exceptional circumstances, at certain times, or to supply certain districts, even though they export many times as many, taking the year's trade as a whole.

But great and many-sided as the international trade of the world is, the shipments across national boundaries show only a small fraction of the world's product. What that is cannot be determined or even closely estimated, for in China, for example, the production is immense, and there are no authentic or complete figures. In the interior of China eggs are probably cheaper than in any other country where they are produced in large quantities. There they sometimes sell at the rate of eight or nine for a cent. Good eggs at that.

However, what is known of the egg product of countries which have big egg crops indicates clearly that the total for the world must be high up in the billions. The egg crop of all the earth can be reckoned in millions of tons, not dozens.

In the United States the latest statistics, brought down to date by allowing for the time which has elapsed since they were collected, show that about 1,500,000,000 dozen eggs are produced in a year. These 18,000,000,000 eggs, if laid end to end, would go around the earth at the equator about 16 times. The line would be 400,000 miles long.

That quantity of eggs would weigh not less than 1,000,000 tons. It would load 100 of the biggest steamers on the great lakes, averaging 10,000 tons to the cargo. No less than 30,000 average railroad cars would be required to move that immense weight of eggs, even if they could be shoveled into the cars like so much coal.

If these American figures are multiplied by five or six, the total egg crop of the world may be roughly indicated, if not measured. It is probable that the eggs produced in one year, in all countries, weigh not less than 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 tons and number nearly or quite 100,000,000,000. That means about 65 or 70 eggs in a year for every man, woman and child on the earth.

ASHTON-KIRK INVESTIGATOR

BY JOHN T. McINTYRE

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CHAPTER IX.

Miss Vale Tells What She Knows

Ashton-Kirk arose, kicked aside the litter of newspapers, and placed a chair for his visitor.

"Your man told me that I was expected," she said. "How did you know that I would come this morning?"

"I knew that you'd be sure to read the newspapers," said he. "And I was pretty confident as to the effect the Star's account would have."

She sat down quietly and for a few moments did not speak. A slight trembling of the lower lip was the only indication of the strain under which she was laboring. Finally she said:

"I am very sorry that I deceived you yesterday morning."

He waved his hand lightly.

"I was not deceived; so there was no harm done," he explained.

She began tugging nervously at her gloves, much as she had done a few mornings before. Her face was still composed; but deep in her beautiful eyes was an expression of fear.

"I might have known I could not do it," she said. "But the impulse came to me to deny everything as the easiest and safest way out of it all, and I obeyed it. I was not calm enough to consider the possible harm that it might do. However," and her firm voice broke a little, "I suppose the newspapers would have ferreted out of the facts in any event."

"They are very keen in the pursuit of anything that promises a good story," agreed the investigator. "But if you had given me the facts as you intended doing when you called me on the phone yesterday morning, I'd have had 24 hours' start of them, at least."

She leaned toward him earnestly.

"I am going to be frank with you now," she said. "And perhaps it is not yet too late. I did intend telling you everything when I telephoned you, but, as I have said, the impulse came to hide it instead!"

"It was fear," said Ashton-Kirk, "and was, perhaps, perfectly natural under the circumstances."

"When I left you two mornings ago," said Miss Vale, "I felt easier in my mind than I had in months before. From what I had heard of you I felt sure that the little problem which I had set you would prove absurdly simple. This feeling clung to me all day; I was light and happy, and astonished my aunt, Mrs. Page, by consenting to go with her to Mrs. Barron's that night, a thing that I had been refusing to do for a long time.

"Late in the afttrnoon, Allan—Mr. Morris—came. As soon as I saw him I knew that something had happened or was about to happen. There was no color in his face; his eyes had a feverish glitter, his voice was high pitched and excited. But I did not let him see that I noticed this. I talked to him quietly about a score of things; and by a most circuitous route approached the matter that interested me most—our marriage.

"To my great surprise he plunged into the subject with the greatest eagerness. Before that, as I have told you, he always did his best to avoid it; the least mention of it seemed to sadden him, to cause him pain. But now he discussed it excitedly; apparently it was no longer a dim, far-off thing, but one which he saw very clearly. As you may imagine, I was both surprised and delighted. But this was only at first. In a little while I noticed something in his tone, in his manner, in his feverish eyes that I did not like."

She paused for a moment; Ashton-Kirk clasped his knee with both hands and regarded her with interest.

"It was a sort of subdued fierceness," continued Miss Vale—"as though he were setting his face against some invisible force and defying it. When he mentioned our happiness that was to be, I could see his hands close tightly, I could read menace in the set of his jaw. As he was going he said to me:

"There has been something—a something that you've never been able to understand—keeping us apart. But it is about at an end. Human nature endures a great deal sometimes, but its endurance does not last forever. Tonight, my dear, puts an end to my endurance. I am going to show what I should have shown long ago—that I'm a man."

"Then he went away and I was frightened. All sorts of possibilities presented themselves to me—vague, indefinite, formless terrors. I tried to shake them off, but could not. It became firmly fixed in my mind that something was going to happen—that Allan was about to—to—" here the steady voice faltered once more, "to take a step that would bring danger upon him.

"And that night I went to Mrs. Barron's as I had promised. I talked to people—I laughed—I even danced. But never for a moment did the fear cease gripping at my heart. At last I could stand it no longer. I felt that I must go to where this danger was confronting Allan; and as the house in Christie Place was the first that arose in my mind, I went there.

"I saw the cab upon the opposite side of the street, and the driver of it lokked at me so hard that I drove on without stopping, as the pewspaper states. But my courage came back in a few moments; I returned and went in."

"You halted on the stairs," said Ashton-Kirk. "Why?"

"Because I saw a light moving about in the hallway above," answered Miss Vale. Then she added: "But how did you know that I stopped upon the stairs?"

"I did not know it," replied Ashton-Kirk. "In his story the cab driver says you entered at Hume's door and went upstairs. I have found that the position which his cab occupied at the time was fully 15 feet west of Hume's doorway, making it impossible for him to see whether you went up at once or not. In the face of what immediately followed your entrance, or rather, what is said to have followed it, I thought it reasonable to suppose that you had stopped!"

"Thank you," said Miss Vale.

"You say there was a light moving about; but what else did you see?"

"Nothing."

"But you heard something?"

"Yes; the revolver shot and then the dreadful cry that followed it."

Ashton-Kirk unclasped his hands from about his knee, placed them upon the arms of his chair and leaned forward."

"But between the two—after the shot and before the cry you heard a door close," he said.

She gave a little gasp of surprise.

"I did," she said. "I remember it distinctly now that you mention it. It closed sharply, but not very loudly."

The investigator leaned back and began drumming upon the arm of his chair with his long supple fingers.

"Experience never quite takes away that comfortable feeling of satisfaction that the proving of a theory gives one," said he. "I suppose it is a sort of reward that nature reserves for effort."

And he smiled at his beautiful visitor's puzzled look and went on:

"The cab driver says that the cry resembled that of a parrot or cockatoo. What do you think?"

"It was not unlike their scream," said Miss Vale. "But I was too much startled to think of comparing it to anything at the time!"

"What happened after you heard this cry?"

"I waited for some little time, part way up the stairs. Then the light which I had seen glancing over the walls and across the ceiling seemed to halt and die down. After this there was a pause, a stoppage of everything, and fear took possession of me. Suppose Allan had really intended visiting the place—suppose he had preceded me—suppose something dreadful had just happened—something in which he had had a part!

"Filled with thoughts like these, I ascended the remaining stairs. There was a light shining through the lettered glass of the door at the front; but the hall was deserted; the far end was thick with shadows. I tried the door where the light was, but it was fast; the door nearest the stairs was open; I entered by that, and passed into the front room through a communicating doorway. Then I saw the—the body, turned out the light, ran stumbling through the rooms and down the stairs."

"Why did you turn out the light?" asked the investigator.

"I dont' know. Partly, I suppose, to shut the awful thing upon the floor from my sight—and partly—"

She stopped, but Ashton-Kirk completed the sentence for her.

"And partly with the confused idea that you might hide the deed from public gaze and in that way save Allen Morris from the consequences of his crime,' said he.

At this she sprang up, her hands outstretched appealingly; the fear now plain in her face.

"No, no!" she cried. "He is not guilty! He did not do it!"

"My dear young lady," said Ashton-Kirk, soothingly, "control yourself. Don't forget that before this thing is ended you will probably need all the self-command you can summon." Then as she resumed her seat, he added: "I did not say that he was guilty. I was merely telling you of the formless thought that you had in mind when you turned out the light."

She sat staring at him, the horror of it all still in her eyes. Then she

SOIL CARRIED TO SEA

SOME OF the prodigious wastes of the world are so constant, so small, if measured hy any district or in any brief period, by comparison with what they leave, that they are commonly overlooked or taken as a matter of course, so that they attract little attention and cause less comment. For a striking illustration, take the soil carried to the sea by rivers.

It isn't much, looked at in one way. The wearing away of the earth's surface in a year, if it were spread out evenly over the globe, would be nothing more than a film too thin to be measured by anything less than photographic and microscopic instruments.

According to the scientific experts of the United States geological survey, numerous observations and tests of various drainage basins in this country show that the erosion of the soil and the rocks is going on at a rate which would carry off an inch of the entire face of the land in 760 years. In one year the loss is equal to only about 1-760th of an inch.

That seems trifling, but it is not. It means 783,000,000 tons of soil and rock and other matter taken from the ground and carried to the sea, where it is lost. The waste is more than 2,000,000 tons a day on the average.

In a year this lost soil is equal in weight to more than 10 times the quantity of iron ore mined in the United States. It greatly exceeds the coal, both hard and soft, the iron and all the other metallic ores in the country, taken to gether. The great fleet of vessels on the lakes would require at least eight years to transport the soil swept out to the sea by the rivers every 12 months.

If that great quantity of earth were taken from the waters which carry it in solution or in suspension and used to make an island where the sea is 60 feet deep, near the shore, one year's soil waste would create about 2,000 acres of land. It would fill up 120,000 acres of a swamp where water stood one foot deep on the average.

The world's loss from this cause is vastly greater, of course, than that of the United States. Estimating the waste at about the same quantity of soil in proportion to the area, the weight of the earth materials swept into the ocean in a year is not far from 13,000,000,000 tons. It is enough soil to reclaim 2,000,000 acres of ordinary swamp or make an island of 35,000 acres in water 60 feet deep.

In the present stage of the world's progress there appears to be no way to stop much of this enormous waste, but the time may come when most of it will cease. There are suggestions of such changes in the handling of the flood waters of the Nile.

Much of the vast quantity of water brought down by that river, above its normal flow, in times of flood, is spread out over the greater part of the cultivated and tillable parts of Egypt to irrigate the rich, level delta lands. The water is absorbed by the ground and the mud it contains is added to the deep, fertile loam.

Where such use of flood waters is not possible, it may be found feasible and profitable to hold much of the surplus in gigantic reservoirs where it could be released gradually when most needed and the silt, settling to the bottom of the reservoirs, might be used to enrich fields.

The control of rivers will always be difficult. They are hard to curb and utilize just as man would choose, and the greater their ravages the more unruly they are likely to prove. But in the end the streams will certainly be held in hand far better than they are checked and made productive now.

The United States has some of the most urgent of the river-curbing and river-conserving tasks to grapple with, and they are also extremely difficult. They cannot be disposed of immediately, but in the end they will be overcome in large measure. The waste of leaving the rivers to their own devices is too great to be accepted as a permanent condition.

nodded her head slowly, and said in a husky voice.

"Yes, that is what I thought, and that is why I called you on the telephone. I thought you would pity me and show me some way of covering it all up. But after I had your promise to come, I was seized with the fear that you might—that you might betray him. That is, I suppose, the real reason why I tried to deceive you. In my terror I myself thought Allan guilty. But, of course, now that I have had time to calmly think it over I know he was not—that he couldn't be! No one who knows him will believe he did it."

"What reason had you for thinking that he might be guilty?"

"His manner during the afternoon before the murder. He seemed so fiercely resolved, so different from his usual self."

"I understand. And what makes you think now that he is innocent?"

"I believe it because I understand his nature," said Miss Vale, earnestly. "He might be finally aroused—under provocation he might even be violent. But he could never do a thing like this—it is too utterly horrible."

"You have judged that it was probably he who was seen to go into Hume's before the murder?"

"Yes."

"Hume was alive when Berg closed up his shop; he was dead when you entered his showroom a half hour or so later. Therefore he must have met death while the cab driver Sams sat on his box across the street. Now, while Morris was seen to go in, it is not at all positive that he was the man who came out. We are not sure that he was not present when the crime was committed."

Miss Vale reared her head proudly. "Is it possible," she said, "that you are trying to fix this deed upon Allan Morris?"

"I am trying to find the real truth," answered Ashton-Kirk, gravely.

"The police," said Miss Vale, "according to the newspapers, thought that the criminal gained admission by way of the roof. This may or may not be so; but I think it is pretty evident that he made his way out in that manner. I was on the stairs while he was in the hall. He fled, but as he did not pass me, he must have gone upwards. If Allan Morris had done this murder he would not have thought of this; not knowing the section, he would have been ignorant as to where the roof would lead. But if Spatola were the man who remained, it would have been different. Do the papers not say that he lives in a garret, or loft in the same block? How easy it would have been for him to pass out upon the roof of 478 after the crime and then over the housetops of the block until he came to a scuttle which perhaps led into his very attic?"

"That," said Ashton-Kirk, "is very well conceived. But it has one weakness. You are not sure that the murderer did ascend to the roof after the crime. He may have been lurking in the shadows which you say were lying so thickly at the end of the hall. He may have been watching you as you discovered the body, while you ran down the hall once more and down the stairs. To be sure, you slammed the door behind you; and so locked it. But like all spring or latch locks, it could be readily opened from the inside. No one else came out while the cab driver waited; but that was only for another 15 minutes, according to his own statement. The murderer could easily have waited until he had gone and then slipped out, also locking the door after him."

Miss Vale sat staring at the speaker dumbly for a space; then she asked in a dry, expressionless way:

"And do you really think this is what happened?"

Ashton-Kirk shook his head.

"No," said he. "I merely mentioned it to show you that it is difficult to be sure of anything in a matter like this until," with a smile, "you are sure. It is one of the things that may have happened; but it is also open to question. A criminal whose crime has been discovered does not ordinarily linger upon the scene. You had just fled with the terror of the thing fresh upon you. How did he know but that you might scream it out to everyone you met."

Again she looked at him mutely. Then she said:

"What, then, is your theory of the crime?"

"I have a number of possibilities at this moment," he said. "Of course, there is one to which I give the preference; but until a thing is proved beyond question, it is my rule never to outline my theories."

Before Miss Vale left she had implored him to do all he could to clear the matter up, for her sake and for Morris'. "Of course," she said in conclusion, "I now understand that the entire matter will get into the papers. It is too late to prevent that. But it is not too late for you to fix the guilt where it belongs. And I have every confidence that you will do it. If I had not," and her voice quavered pitifully, "I don't know what I should do."

"I will do what I can. Success sometimes comes easily—sometimes one is forced to fight hard for it. But rest assured that I will do what I can."

She was going; he held the library door open for her while the grave-faced Stumph waited in the hall.

"It will, perhaps, be necessary for me to see Mr. Morris sometime during the course of the day," said Ashton-Kirk, as an afterthought. "Would it be convenient for you to let him know that I can be seen at six?"

The fear that his soothing words had driven from her eyes, swept back into them; he saw her tremble and steady herself against the door-frame.

"I cannot let him know," she said. "I have not seen him since—since the time I have mentioned. I have waited, telephoned, sent messages, even gone in person. But I could not find him. No one seems to know anything of his whereabouts."

CHAPTER X.

Ashton-Kirk Asks Questions.

For some time after Miss Vale had gone, Ashton-Kirk stood at one of the windows and looked down at the sordid, surging, dirty crowd in the street. The worn horses went dispiritedly up and down; the throaty-voiced men clamored strangely through their beards; children played in the black ooze of the gutters; women bundled in immense knitted garments and with their heads wrapped in shawls, haggled over scatterings of faded, weak looking vegetables. The vendors grew frantic and eloquent in their combats with these experienced purchasers; their gestures were high, sharp and loaded with protest.

Then Pendleton came. He was burdened with newspapers and wore an excited look.

"I brought these, thinking that perhaps you had not seen them," he exclaimed, throwing the dailies among the others upon the floor. "But I note that your morning's reading has been very complete. Now tell me, Kirk, what the mischief do you think of all this?"

"I suppose you refer to the published reports of the Hume case?"

"Of course! As far as I am concerned, there is not, just now, any other thing of consequence on earth." Then he struck the table with his fist. "And it's all the fault of that cur—Allan Morris! Every bit of it! There is not a space writer or amateur detective on a single paper in the city that hasn't his nose to the ground at this minute, hunting the trail. They are all at it. I stopped at the Vale's on my way here, but they told me she was not at home. From the top step to the curb, on my way out, I was stopped four times by stony-faced young men all anxious to make good with their city editors. 'Was I a friend of the family? Did Miss Vale seem at all upset by the matter? Where was Allan Morris? What brought him so frequently, as Brolatsky said, to see Hume?'. I believe they'd have come over the back of my car even after I started, if I had given but an encouraging look."

"The evening papers will be a trial to Miss Vale for the next few days."

"Well, don't neglect the morning issues, if you are going to mention any. In tomorrow's Star there will be a portrait of Edyth four columns wide and eight inches high. I'll expect such expressions as 'beautiful society girl,' 'a recent debutante,' 'heiress to the vast fortune of the late structural steel king,' 'charming manner and brilliant mind.' And at those odd times when they are not praising her gowns, her wealth or her good looks, they'll be rather worse than insinuating that she knows all about the crime—if she didn't commit herself!"

He paced up and down the floor, his huge motoring coat flapping distressfully about his legs. His face was flushed.

"If I had Morris here," he threatened, "I'd show him a few things, the pup!" Then suddenly he stopped his tramping and faced his friend. "But now that it is as it is," he demanded, "what are we going to do about it?"

"There are quite a number of very sensible things for us to do," replied Ashton-Kirk, good-humoredly. "And the first of them is to keep our tempers—the second to keep cool."

"All right," sulked Pendleton. "I know well enough that I need to do both. What next?"

"Is that your car outside?"

"Yes."

"Good. We'll have a little use for it today, if you're not otherwise engaged."

"Kirk," said Pendleton earnestly, "until this matter is settled, don't hesitate to command me. I know that I'm not generally credited with much serious purpose; but even the lightweight feels things—sometimes."

Within half an hour, Ashton-Kirk, in a perfectly fitting, carefully pressed suit of gray, tan shoes and a light colored knock-about cap, led the way down to the car. As they got in, he said:

"We'd better go to Bernstine's first. It's the nearest and on our way to the station."

A twenty minutes' run through a baffling maze of vehicles brought them to the curb before a store with a very conspicuous modern front of plate glass and metal. Inside they inquired for one of the Messrs. Bernstine; and upon one of the gentlemen presenting himself, Ashton-Kirk handed him his card. Mr. Bernstine was stout, bald and affable.

"I have heard of you, sir," said he, "and I am delighted to be of service!"

"Within the last few weeks," said Ashton-Kirk, "you have had a sale of rifles and otther things condemned by the military authorities of Bolivia."

Mr. Bernstine wrinkled his smooth forehead in reflection.

"Bolivia?" said he. "Now let me see." He pondered heavily for a few moments and then sighed. "You see," he explained, "we sell so many lots, from so many different places, that we can hardly keep the run of them. But our books will show," proudly; "everything we do is in our books."

He looked down the long, table-crowded store and called loudly:

"Sime!"

Sime instantly put in an appearance. He was small, sandy-haired and freckled; he wore an alert expression and carried a marking pencil behind his ear.

"This is our shipping and receiving clerk," said Mr. Bernstine. "He's up to everything around the place. Then he lowered his voice and jerked his fat thumb toward the newcomer secretly, addressing Pendleton: "Clever! Just full of it."

Sime listened to Ashton-Kirk's question attentively.

"Yes," he said, in answer, "we had some of that stuff lately. Sold well, too, considering the time of the year." He pulled open a drawer and took out a fat, canvas-covered book. "Two gross rifles; one hundred gross cartridges." He closed the book, tossed it into the drawer and then slid the drawer shut. "There were a few bayonets, too. About half a dozen."

With his round, fat countenance shining with admiration, Mr. Bernstine once more caught Pendleton's eye.

"Just full of it," he murmured, sotto voce. "As full as he can be."

"The bayonets," said Ashton-Kirke, "are what we are after. They were all sold, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Sime. "I remember, when the last one went, saying to one of our men that we were lucky. You see, bayonets don't sell very well except to military companies; and they are not organizing every day."

"Do you know who bought them?"

Sime took the marking pencil from behind his ear and proceeded to scratch his head with its point. Mr. Bernstine watched him anxiously. But when the shipping clerk pulled open the drawer once more, the employer's face lighted up.

"Ah!" said he to Pendleton. "The books! Now we'll have it."

"They were all taken away by the people who bought them," announced Sime, after a great flipping of ink spattered pages. "All except one."

"And that one—"

"It went by our boy. It was sold to Mr. Cartwright the artist, and was sent to his studio up here in Fifth street. But there was another—the last one we had," suddenly, "and now that I get thinking of it, I remember we had some trouble about it. The man that bought it was a Dago."

Pendleton darted a swift look at Ashton-Kirk, but the investigator's expression never changed. He looked steadily at the clock .

"When he asked for the bayonet," proceeded Sime, "I knew we had one left, but I could not lay my hands on it. He paid for it and I said we'd send it to him. He started to give me his address, and then changed his mind and said he'd come back again."

"And he did?"

"Yes; the same afternoon. I had found the thing by that time and he took it with him."

"You don't recall the address?"

To his employer's evident mortification, Sime shook his head.

"Look in the books," suggested Mr. Bernstine with confidence. "Look in the books."

"It ain't there," answered Sime. "He said he'd come back, so I didn't put it down."

"Was it Christie Place?"

Sime pointed at Ashton-Kirk with his pencil.

"You've got it," said he. "That was it, sure enough."

"And do you think the man was an Italian?"

"Well, he talked and looked like one. Rather well educated, too, I think."

"Well," said Pendleton, as they climbed into the car, "this about fixes the thing, doesn't it? The musician, Antonio Spatola, is the guilty man, beyond a doubt."

The investigator settled back after giving the chauffeur his next stop.

"Beyond a doubt," said he, "is rather an extreme expression. The fact that the bayonet was purchased by an Italian who gave his address as Christie Place is not enough to convict Spatola. All sorts of people live in that street, and there are perhaps other Italians among them."

Pendleton called out to the chauffeur to stop.

"We'll settle that at once," said he. "Spatola's picture is in the papers. We'll ask the clerk if it is that of the man to whom he sold the weapon."

But Ashton-Kirk restrained him.

"I thought of the published portraits while Sime was speaking," said he. "And I also thought that it was very fortunate that neither he nor his employer were readers of the newspapers."

"How do you know that they are not?"

"If they had read today's issues they would have at once connected the Italian who purchased the bayonet with the one who is said to have used it—wouldn't they; especially as both Italians lived on the same street? Bernstine and Sime said nothing because they suspect nothing. And, as I have said, this is fortunate, because, suspecting nothing, they will continue," with a smile, "to say nothing. If the police or reporters got this, they'd swoop down on the trail and perhaps spoil everything!"

"But Bernstine or his clerk will hear of the matter sooner or later," complained Pendleton. "And the police and reporters will then get in on the thing anyhow."

"But there will be a delay," said his friend. "And that may be what we need just now. Perhaps a few hours will mean success. You can never tell The best that we could get by explaining matters to Sime would be a positive identification of Spatola, on the reverse. And we can get that from him at any time. So you see, we lose nothing by waiting."

"I guess that's so," Pendleton acknowledged, and again the car started forward. At the huge entrance to a railroad station they drew up once more.

Within, Ashton-Kirk inquired for the General Passenger Agent and was directed to the ninth floor. The agent was a slim man with huge whiskers of snowy whiteness, and a most dignified manner.

To Be Continued.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5526—Ladies' Full Length Coat.

One of the new wrap coats, which are made of pongee silk, of linen, of mixed cloakings and of reversible cloths, trimmed with silk and braid. The pattern is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Medium size, requires 5¾ yards of 50-inch material.

5494—Misses' Suit.

Very smart and easy to make, with eton having seamless shoulder and broad collar. The skirt is of four gore Empire design. Serge, cheviot, panama and other woolens are appropriate. The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 4¾ yards of 50-inch material.

5303—Ladies' Dress.

Cut in the new fichu style, with softly draped fronts. There is also a guimpe which may be omitted. The skirt is finished with a flounce. Suitable for henrietta, cashmere, challis, foulard and other soft fabrics. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4¾ yds. of 36-inch material 4½ yards of 20-inch satin and 2¾ yards of 18-inch allover for guimpe.

5102 — Ladies' House Dress.

The kimono shoulder is the feature of this dress, which is suitable for percale, chambray, gingham, challis, cashmere and brilliantine. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 6⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

5530—Boys' Russian Suit.

No style of this garment can be more simple. It is high in the neck and has a front closing. It also has small trousers made without a fly. The pattern is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. medium size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

5519—Norfolk Outing Waist.

Novel and smart, closing at one side and with a stylish, large collar. A good model for linen and also for fine serge, cheviot, brilliantine and the like. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5¾ yards of 27-inch material with ¾ yard of 27 inch contrasting material.

5529 Ladies' Dressing Sacque.

Cut in a new manner, with seamless shoulder and having a short peplum, three-quarter sleeves and a turnover collar. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches, bust measure. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 27-inch material.

4893—Ladies' Waist.

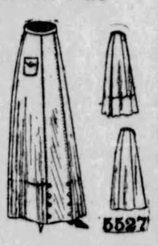
Plain shirt waist in tailor style, suitable for flannel, satin, linen, pongee and other fabrics having good body. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material.

5528—Child's Box Coat.

Smart little coat, built on sacque lines, the neck ornamented with a wide collar and the sleeves finished with cuffs to correspond. The pattern is cut in sizes 2 to 8 years. Medium size requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material.

5527—A Seven Gore Skirt.

Novel in style, with back in habit style or with reversed box plait. The band need not be used. Suitable for serge, cheviot, linen or pongee. The pattern is cut in sizes 22 to 32 in. waist measure. Medium size requires 5⅛ yards of 36-inch material.



5510—Child's Flannel Shirt and Drawers.

These garments are intended as the first of the child's sizes, when the little one can walk. The drawers offer a novelty in buttonhole down the outside of the leg. The pattern is cut in sizes 1 to 2 years. Medium size requires for shirt 1¾ yards of 27-inch material, for drawers, ⅞ yard of 36-inch material.

5267—Girls' Tunic Dress.

This is a favorite style, much resembling the Middy suit. The skirt is attached to a waist and the tunic is slipped on over the head. Braid makes the best trimming. Serge, linen, gingham, panama and many other fabrics may be made in this manner. The pattern, 5267, is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size, requires 3 yards of 44-inch material, with 1⅝ yards of 27 inch for guimpe.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible:

I wish some Farmstead reader would give me a remedy for chicken cholera.—D., Elenboro, W. Va.

I would like to know how to make grape wine. Who will give me a good recipe?—C., Maynardville, Tenn.

What makes a cow's milk become clabbered? It remains sweet but produces very little butter, while in that condition. Our cow's milk was that way a part of last summer and is again in the same condition. She is a Jersey and a heavy milker.—L., Cooper Heights, Ga.

Will somebody tell me of a good way to drive the pesky ants out of the kitchen cabinet?—S., Chelsea, Mich.

Will some reader kindly give me a good rule to follow in making concrete? I wish to make a concrete cellar beneath the ground.—W., Ethridge, Tenn.

FEEDING PIGS

M., Dearaff, Ohio.—I will give you my advice on feeding pigs to make them weigh 200 to 250 pounds at six months. First, take a good breed. I wean my pigs when six weeks of age and then feed just what corn they will clean up. Give plenty of skim milk, and if you have not got the milk make bran slop for them and feed three gallons to six pigs three times a day. Have a good place to feed, such as a cement floor with shed over it, open on the south side, and a dry, warm place to sleep in winter, with very little dust. By weaning the pigs at six weeks you can get five litters from one sow every two years. In making your cement floor dig an eight-inch ditch all around, about 18 inches deep, so that the floor will not crack off around the edges in winter. By following these methods I have obtained good results.—B., Mitchell, Ind.

FERTILIZING ALFALFA

Alfalfa requires large quantities of plant food and cannot be expected to do well on poor soils. Its deep rooting habits may enable it to extract more food from the soil than most other crops, but to secure large yields there must be an abundance of food within easy reach, and if the soil is not naturally well supplied manure or commercial fertilizer must be added.

After it is thoroughly established and properly inoculated with its hyurogen gathering bacteria, alfalfa will supply itself with nitrogen from the air, but all potash, phosphoric acid and other mineral food must come from the soil, and as the crop is naturally a large producer, large quantities are required.

Of the plant food that must come from the soil potash and phosphoric acid are most largely required, and these are the two substances in which the soil is most likely to be deficient. Every ton of alfalfa hay which is removed from the land takes with it about 11 pounds of phosphoric acid and 49 pounds of potash.

Every alfalfa field should be started with a liberal dressing of stable manure, if possible. Experiments have proven time and again that manure is unusually valuable in starting alfalfa. It not only supplies plant food, but improves the physical condition of the soil and facilitates the inoculatiing process. In many of the experiments conducted by the Indiana station special inoculation of the soil was found necessary when plenty of manure was not applied.

When sufficient manure is not available and the soil is not already rich, a high grade commercial fertilizer should be used. Just what will be required will depend upon the character and condition of the soil. In most instances, however, it will be well to use a fertilizer rich in both phosphoric acid and potash.

A mixture containing a little nitrogen, perhaps 2 per cent, and 8 to 10 per cent. of phosphoric acid and the same of potash, applied at the rate of three or four hundred pounds per acre, will be sufficient, unless the soil is quite poor, in which case heavier applications may be profitable. The fertilizer should be disked into the ground some time in advance of seeding.

It is well known that alfalfa will not thrive in soils that are sour, and that there are many such in the state. In some of the experiments conducted during the last few years liming has been found to increase the yields of alfalfa, while in other cases the lime produced no apparent effect.

Soils that produce good crops of clover will probably not be seriously in need of liming for alfalfa. On the other hand, where there is trouble in getting a stand of clover or where this crop does not otherwise succeed well it will usually pay to lime the soil, and liming may be actualy necessary before alfalfa will do well, because the alfalfa bacteria will not thrive in acid soil.

In the case ofsoils that are sour because of lack of drainage liming alone will not be sufficient. Drainage must receive first attention. The soil must also be otherwise put into good physical condition by proper tillage methods, the addition of humus, etc. After these things have been attended to, if the soil is in need of lime this substance can do its work properly.

JUNE CHICKS

Quite often we are asked, "Why is it that I cannot raise my little chicks which were hatched in June?"

We have made a careful study of raising chicks in hot weather, and have come to the conclusion that one of the main drawbacks is lack of ventilation at night and insufficient shade in daytime. Small chicks have the tendency to crowd at night and those that are in the center of the flock are almost sure to be smothered or have their vitality so lowered they would be unable to survive long. They not only get the summer heat, but the heat from the little bodies of the other chicks with which they come in contact. Our experience has been that with a tight coop, which has a small ventilating space, the chicks get too hot in the early part of the night and toward morning they get cold and become chilled. If you will provide the chicks with a coop with at least three open sides, screened with wire or something to keep out varmints, and place it under a tree in which there is an abundance of shade, keep the chicks free from lice, and do not feed them any sour or spoiled food, you can raise them in the month of June almost as well as any other month.

This year we placed our coops in the shade, and in addition to that, planted a row of sunflowers in each run, about two feet apart, and that makes as fine a shade for chicks as we have ever tried. In a few of the rows we have planted butterbeans. They climb sunflower stalks and help to make a dense shade and also furnish us with an abundance of delicious beans for our table.—C. L. Baker, in Southern Farm Advocate.

RUSSIAN HORSE FFEDING

The United States consul at Moscow reports that oats constitute three-fourths of the food upon which the Russian horse must exist during the 12 months of the year.

Russian oats, however, are far superior in sustaining power to the American cereal. It is also claimed that animals do not become so tired of this steady diet as they do of the hay and corn products in the United States. This statement is made to our consul by an American with 18 years' experience in horse breeding and training in Russia.

Among the upper classes 12 to 14 pounds of hay is fed daily to the carriage and race horses, in addition to the 20 quarts of oats that is thought necessary for a horse during the 24 hours. This hay consists principally of timothy in Finland and the central and southern portions of Russia. In many other sections owners of horses must be content with the native marsh grass, which resembles the American prairie grasses. On the uplands, however, a good quality of grass is grown which resembles Kentucky's bluegrass.

The peasant feeds the marsh grasses to his own stock and sells the better grades of the uplands, so that his horses are fed upon the inferior hay, although regular rations of oats are provided, if possible. In the cities the ordinary draught horses are fed upon a diet similar to that fed by the peasants, with perhaps less hay. Nosebags are used.

As a result of a light hay diet, Russian horses are remarkably free from the heaves, though a more serious trouble originates from a continuous diet of oats, namely, cracked skins and heels, with open sores. Our consul is informed by a well-known horseman that he has many times seen blood oozing from the skin and heels of horses without any apparent cause, though an investigation always proved that a steady diet of oats was to blame. The same person stated that he had experimented upon horses afflicted with the disease, and that, after a few weeks of proper feeding, the sores and cracks disappeared and the animals improved in every way, especially in appetite and endurance.

City horses never taste a spear of green grass, but appear to keep in fairly good condition with practically no attention from the groom. They continually are fed carrots, but this does not apply to the average workhorse, driven at all times of day and night and subjected to Russian winters. His endurance is one of the marvels of the country.

The feeding of corn, mixed foods or prepared diets is unknown in Russia except among the racing fraternity, who have adopted American ideas from the trainers brought over years ago from the United States. The race horses in Moscow, for example, have a variety of diets, according to the work they are doing, and the American suggestion of a Saturday evening hot-bran mash has been adopted, with the usual good results. They are also given ground or cracked cereals, bran mixed with oats, chopped hay and oats, and the usual spring treatment for appetite and improvement of the blood.

EDUCATING THE COLT

The colt's education should begin early. Let him learn at the start that men are his friends. After he has found his legs and had a good meal, pay him a visit; after a day or two of your acquaintance, pet him a little, get him used to being handled and rubbed. When he is a month old, you may begin to halter-break him, putting the halter on him for a short time at first and allowing him to feel it. After he will allow the halter to be put on and taken off without objection, start to teach him to lead, not by pulling him, but by using a long strap or pair of reins, and getting behind him. Some handlers use a strap which runs through the surcingle on the other side, so that a pull on the strap applies the urging where it will do the most good. This is even better than using the reins.

After the colt learns to lead well, there is nothing more to be done until the beginning of the second winter, when he should be put into ordinary bitting harness, with a plain bit and easy bearing reins, and be allowed to fuss with it for 15 minutes a day in the barn yard. Give him 15 minutes for the first month and 30 minutes for the next two months. Then put the harness on him, accustoming him to it gradually and quietly. When you have harnessed him, hitch him to a light empty wagon or cart alongside an old horse, and put him into the final course in his education with the same careful attention which you have followed from his babyhood. By the time he is through his second winter he will be at home in harness and will hardly have known that he was being educated.—Southern Farm Advocate.

STRINGY MILK

This trouble is brought on by a fermentation in the udder caused by a certain form of bacteria. These gain entrance into the udder in two ways. First, through the water which the animal drinks; and, second, by gaining access to the lower end of the teat through the opening. The only way to overcome it is by removing the cause. If the cows are drinking impure and stagnant water, they should be kept away from the ponds and holes and given nothing but pure well water. If they have been compelled to lie in filth and manure they should be shut in a clean, dry lot or in a stall where the bedding is clean and free from filth and dust. After these methods of prevention have been taken the milk should not be used till it is entirely free from the coagulum.—Dr. Schaffer in Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

PARCHED GRAIN

Parched or burned grain may be profitably fed to chickens at this time of the year. It affords an agreeable change and serves nearly the same purpose as charcoal. Oats, corn, wheat or even bran will be readily eaten by hens when they have been regularly fed on a sameness of diet, and such food will greatly aid in arresting diarrohea or other bowel disorders. In experiments made at one of our state stations to determine the benefits of parched grain in feeding, four turkeys were confined in a pen and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats and four others of the same brood were at the same time confined in another pen and fed daily on the same articles, but with the addition of one pint of parched grain mixed with their food. These had also a plentiful supply of broken charcoal mixed with their food. The eight turkeys were killed, and there was a difference of one and one-half pounds in favor of those supplied with charcoal and parched grain.

FRESH AIR FOR CHICKS

A Nebraska fancier says that chickens which have been brooded in a crowded coop where they got too much heat and too little air are very apt to grow all to wings and tail feathers. As a rule, the Leghorns and such as feather out very early are more apt to grow this way than the larger kinds. Plenty of room, plenty of fresh air and plenty of a variety of food will keep chicks growing and developing as they should without abnormal tendencies of any sort. Just one night of crowding in an overheated brooder will often cause half the chicks in a brood to go all to feathers and practically stop growing otherwise. Some people pull out these long feathers and claim the chicks grow better and get along all right.

TOMATO WILT

A disease of the tomato that is sometimes confused with leaf spot is properly known as fusarium wilt and that this is not in the least affected by the application of spraying materials to the plants is fully proved in the experiments carried on at the experiment station at the University of Illinois. This wilt has caused the loss of many a promising crop, and the first indication that the plants are affected is by the sudden wilting of entire branches or even the entire plant. Within a few days the wilted portions become brown and dead, examination of the wilted stems reveals a discolored, brownish appearance of the wooded portion. The plants may die before any fruit has matured or after any part of the crop has been gathered. The first season that the wilt appears in a field, usually only a few plants are affected, but if the field is used for tomatoes the next year the attack is likely to be very severe, for the disease is carried over in the soil and the length of time the disease will remain in badly infected soil is not known. It is, therefore, important to practice rotation of crops so that the soil will not become badly infected. Care should also be taken in securing soil for the beds in which the plants are grown. Fresh soil should be put in the beds each year, and it should be secured from a part of the farm which has never grown tomatoes nor received the wash from tomato fields. It is also important to avoid inoculating a new field by means of soil carried from an infected field on tools or the feet of men or farm animals.

CURRANTS AN EASY CROP

Currants are about the cheapest and easiest crop of fruit to produce, requiring very little time and labor as compared with many others. For fillers, or what might be termed a catch crop, they are indispensable, when grown between plum, pear, peach, cherry and quince trees. They can be grown in an orchard of any of these fruits without retarding or injuring the trees. When currants are fruited in this way it is merely a question of more manure or fertilizer. Every intelligent fruit grower will understand this at once. Under this system of intensive gardening you have a nice income from your currants, while your fruit trees are developing and getting ready for fruiting.

It depends entirely upon yourself as to how long these bushes will bear large, marketable fruit.

No matter how great a sacrifice it may seem, you should remove two-thirds of the new wood each season. Failing to do this, you will soon have a lot of overgrown bushes on your hands, and the fruit will soon dwindle in size and be imperfect in many ways. On the other hand, if you prune judiciously, spray as often as is necessary, manure well, and cultivate thoroughly you can keep your plantation of currants in perfect order for at least ten years, and one year with another, you will be well recompensed for your investment and labor.

SEEDS FROM ABROAD

Flaxseed furnishes the bulk of the $28,000,000 worth of seeds of various kinds, imported during the year. The other leading classes include sugar beet, clover and castor beans. Of these, the imports of clover seed during the year will be about $3,000,000, and those of sugar beet and castor seed each about $700,000. The remaining $3,750,000 worth of seeds imported includes grass, mustard, beet, cabbage, poppy and flower seeds, also a large number of seeds valued by reason of the volatile oils and perfumes contained, such as anise, caraway, coriander and fennel.

The price of imported flaxseed tends to increase from year to year. In 1897 the average price per bushel was $1.03; in 1901, $1.27; in 1903, $1.50; in 1909, $1.40; in 1910, $1.70; and in 1911, $2.40, for the high record importation of 8¼ million bushels in the ten months ending with April.

Argentina is the chief source of the flaxseed imported into the United States, about 60 per cent of the imports during 1910 having been from that country, compared with about 25 per cent from Canada and about 4 per cent each from the British East Indies and Belgium. Nearly all the sugar beet seed imported is from Germany, while clover seed is imported chiefly from Germany, Canada and France.

The very large increase in importations of flaxseed during 1911 is due to the partial failure of the crop last year. The flaxseed crop of the United States is, according to figures of the bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture, chiefly produced in Minnesota and North and South Dakota. The crop in North Dakota last year was to a large extent a failure, reducing the domestic production by nearly one-half, and the amount available for market purposes, aside from seed, fully one-half, hence the large importations in the current year from foreign countries.

Judge.

Being busy as a bee doesn't appeal to girls as much as being sweet as a bee's honey.

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World's Hot Places

WHEN the study of hot weather is taken up in earnest, one of the first facts encountered is that there are widely different kinds of heat, if the human body makes the test. It is a far more sensitive gauge of such conditions than the thermometer.

It doesn't follow that because one country has higher daily extremes of temperature than another and higher averages for a month or a season, it necessarily feels hotter to the average man or woman, or is more dangerous to health. The exact opposite may be true.

Australians accustomed to the dry, light air of their arid plains, do not suffer greatly from temperatures ranging up to 110 or 115 in the shade, at times, and in their own country they think nothing of 90 in the warmer parts of the year. The air is dry and perspiration evaporates quickly and keeps nature's cooling process working at full speed.

But let these same men go from Australia to Singapore, for instance, or Calcutta, where they have to breathe the heavy air of the sea level, and they wilt down under little exercise when the thermometer shows no more than 85 or 90 in the shade. There the humidity of the air, much of the year, makes the heat very trying to human beings.

Wind makes a great difference, also, in respect to the capacity of the body for enduring hot weather. In a still air the drying of perspiration is slow and the natural cooling process is comparatively ineffective. Where there is a strong breeze the skin is much more affected by the evaporation of its moisture.

Another point always to be considered in rating hot countries or districts in respect to their effects upon human health and comfort, is the difference between sun and shade temperature and between night and day conditions. Where the loss of heat by radiation is very rapid after the sun goes down, as in the great deserts of the world which lie in or near the tropics, the nights are always refreshingly cool by contrast with the days, and the inhabitants of such regions are able to endure extreme heat while the sun is high.

So, also in countries near the equator which are high above the sea level may often happen that the temperature in the shade is not remarkable in any way, whereas the almost vertical sun is deadly in the middle of the day unless proper precautions are taken by white men and women exposed to its power. The natives do not seem to mind it much.

It will be seen that it is not a simple and easy matter to pick out the hottest parts of the world from the point of view which takes notice, above all, of the conditions which affect human health and strength and bodily comfort. Yet complex as that question is, some facts are entirely clear.

In North America there is no heat more intense than that of the valleys in the eastern part of southern California, which lie below the level of the sea and are baked all summer by a nearly tropical sun. In that region the highest temperatures ever recorded officially in the United States have been observed. At Yuma the maximum is about 119 in the shade, and unofficial records made in the California deserts have gone as high as 128 degrees, also in the shade.

Probably the highest temperature ever recorded at any government official station was 127 degrees at Ouargla, on the border of the Sahara desert, where the French government of Algeria maintains a weather station. One record at a government station in British India gives that country 125 degrees.

Some parts of the earth, of course, have never been tested by competent observers of the weather for a period long enough to be conclusive in respect to extremes of temperature. That is true of many large districts in Africa and also in Asia, as in Arabia, for example and the Persian deserts. But from such information as exists the weather experts have reached the conclusion that the highest temperatures in the world occur in the Sahara desert, much of it being below sea level, in the plains of India, in the interior of Australia and in the lower parts of the Gila and Colorado valleys in the United States.

In all of these regions the temperature may rise to 120 degrees, and records of 110 degrees in the shade are not rare. Incidentally, it may be remarked that they are parts of the earth's surface where shade is not common. But the lands of the deadliest heat for human beings to endure are wetter, nearer the sea and hotter at night.

Faith.

Securely cabined in the ship below,
Through darkness and through storm
I cross the sea,
A pathless wilderness of waves to me.
But yet I do not fear, because I know
That He who guides the good ship
o'er that waste
Sees in the stars her shining pathway
traced.
Blindfolded I walk this life's bewildering maze;
Up flinty steep, through frozen mountain pass,
Through thorn set barren and through deep morass;
But strong in faith I tread the uneven ways,
And bare my head unshrinking to the blast,
Because my Father's arm is round me cast;
And if the way seems rough, I only clasp
The hand that leads me with a firmer grasp.

—Anne C. Lynch Botta.

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If every newspaper in the United States could and would make the frank and independent announcement which appeared in the editorial columns of the Kansas City Star Wednesday night the country would soon be rid of all corruption in municipal and national politics. Progressive policies would succeed. The nation at large would prosper. Social wrongs would be righted. Capital and labor would be placed on a fair and just working basis. Honest corporations would flourish and redundent companies would be destroyed. Civilization would advance by giant strides and the world would be a much happier place to live in. The Star's policy is indeed an enviable one. The west will be better off when it has more newspapers of the Star type.

The editorial referred to defined the Star's position as an independent newspaper, ending with this statement: "To promote the square deal in city, state and nation is the Star's fundamental purpose. In campaigns its attitude toward candidates and parties is determined with reference to this great end. But obviously this attitude must be dependent on conditions then existing. It cannot be announced in advance."

Loneliness.

A little there was need to give—
A jest, a sorrow shared,
A slightest bit of tenderness
To show her that he cared.

Day by day, content he took
Her love, her sympathy,
With no more comment than he gave
The leaves upon a tree.

And when, alone, he grieved because
Her gentle life was past—
He never guessed that she had gone
Heart hungry to the last.

—Charlotte Becker, in the Columbian Magazine.

Deserted.

Alone it stands, decayed and lifeless on the hill,
Of all the trees we used to climb, the one most dear.
The robin's tattered nest swings in its branches still—
A ghost of summers that have fled with boyhood cheer.

The swing sways on through winter's mists and summer's sun,
But 'round the rotted ropes no tiny pulses beat.
The poppy and the phlox their crimson shroud have spun
Where once the sward was pattered bare by childish feet.

I stand alone, moist-eyed, upon the flowering hill,
While shadows fall and dusk comes sweeping o'er the lea,
The mighty ash—though ages dead—yet mighty still,
Sends down a message from the vanished years to me.

—Charles A. Singler.

The St. Mary's Falls Lock.

Chicago Tribune.

The longest canal lock in the world is under construction by the federal government at St. Mary's Falls at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. This longest lock in the world is in process to measure, 350 by 80 feet, with low water clearance of 25 feet.

This new canal, which is to parallel the old "Soo" canal from Lake Superior, lies to the north of the old St. Mary's Falls canal, which had its origin when the state of Michigan dug the first "Soo" canal in 1855. In the early '70s traffic through the Michigan built canal had increased to such an extent that the federal government took it over, and in 1881 had completed its enlargement to 160 feet width and constructing the Wenzell lock—still in use—515 feet long and 80 feet wide, with depth of 16 feet at low water. On the Canadian side are the Dominion government's canal and lock, but by far the greater tonnage has been using the American side, where the later Poe lock has had a length of 500 feet, width of 100 and depth of 20 feet.

Now the greatest lock on the globe is nearing completion in the United States' new canal. Above the lock the new canal basin is 260 feet near the lock gates, widening away to a maximum of 500 feet, with uniform depth of 25 feet. The lock gates are 108 feet wide, and canal and lock will go into commission this summer. The freight tonnage annually for the great lakes is 90,000,000, and is about one-sixth of the freight movement of the country. The significance of the canal lies in the statement that almost 70 per cent of this great lakes commerce passes through the several "Soo" canals, effecting a saving estimated at $250,000,000 over rail traffic.

A Child of the Night

Continued from First Page

geance. We must go!"

The women looked down the road, white-faced.

"Not you others, perhaps," I said. "You were not here—they will not seek for you. But we—I and my sister—must go."

"Yes—but whither?" asked my aunt.

"Whither? I did not know. I did not care. Here there was only death.

It was my sister who proved the wisest—then as always.

"I will go to Aignan," she said, with a calmness that astonished me. "The good sisters will protect me and give me sanctuary. You, dear Pierre, must go farther—to some great city, where you can lose yourself for a time."

My blood was tingling. I knew whither I would go.

"To Paris!" I cried. "To Paris!"

My mother uttered a little cry of horror.

"Paris! Oh, no, Pierre! How can you cover those 200 leagues?"

My eyes were on the horse, which stood patiently by its master, waiting for him to rise and mount.

"The horse will carry me," I said. "Yes, and provide me money at my journey's end."

She would have protested, would have pleaded, but I broke away into the house, donned the best suit my uncle had left behind, stretching it somewhat in the struggle, buckled on sword and dagger, and was ready. Never had I felt so strong, so confident. At last was I to have a bout with fortune!

But money? I had little—well—and then, as I left the house, I saw again the gallant lying stark in the dust. Perhaps in his pockets were broad gold pieces—a jewel flashed on his finger—but even as I stooped, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and I turned to find myself looking into my sister's eyes.

"Not that, Pierre," she said hoarsely. "For Christ's sake, not that! The le Moynes have been thieves long enough—now let them be honest men!"

I felt my throat contract and my eyes grow wet.

"But I cannot starve," I faltered, cursing my own weakness.

I saw the blood die from her lips.

"Here, take this!" she cried, and she tore open her gown and snatched a cross from her bosom. I saw that it was of gold. "It was given to me," she said, "at Aignan. Now I give it to you to buy bread. It is the dearest thing I have, but I give it gladly, for I am ransoming your soul. Henceforth the le Moynes will be honest men."

I could not speak, but I dropped at her feet and kissed the cross as she held it down to me. It is an oath, thank God, I have never broken.

"And you will not sell the horse," she added—what a woman she was! "You will ride him as far as Tours. There you will deliver him to a coureur to be returned to Marsan. I will see that he is claimed. Good-bye, dear Pierre," and she held up her lips.

I kissed her as I would have kissed the Virgin, then my mother and aunt. They seemed quite broken, yet it was clear we must be off. To Marsan and back was only a matter of three hours, and near an hour of this was already gone. I sprang to saddle and looked at them all, once again, standing there in the road. Then I touched spur to flank and was off.

And so, in the course of days, I came to Tours, where I sold the cross and delivered the horse to the coureur. Then to Paris, where I arrived at last, weary and somewhat stained by the road, yet with 10 pistoles in my pocket, a good sword at my side, and a light heart in my bosom—the heart of youth!

Two words, did I say? How memory makes one garrulous!

(To be Continued.)

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

ALLEN G. THURMAN

I would like to have you give me a sketch of the life of Allen G. Thurman.—J. N., Oswego, Kan.

Allen Granbery Thurman, the American politician and lawyer, was born November 13, 1813, and died December 12, 1895. When a boy he was brought to Ohio, where he received his education. After teaching for a time he studied law in the office of his uncle and in 1835 he was admitted to the bar, and formed a partnership with his uncle, soon attaining success as a practicing lawyer. At the same time that he began his legal career he became active in politics as a member of the Democratic party, but held no political office until 1844, when he was elected to congress. At the close of his term he resumed practice of law, and in 1851 was elected one of the judges of the Ohio supreme court. Here his learned and able decisions won him a wide reputation as a jurist. After the expiration of his term, Thurman again took up the practice of law, this time in Columbus. He took no active part in politics until 1867, when he was nominated by his party for governor of Ohio. Though he was defeated by a small plurality, the party carried the legislature. The next year Thurman was elected to the United States senate, and re-elected in 1874. His ability in debate won him instant recognition, and he was appointed a member of the judiciary committee, and became the leader of his party in the senate. During his last term he was elected president pro tem. He favored a liberal policy of reconstruction, introduced the so-called Thurman bill, compelling the Pacific railroad to comply with the conditions of their franchise, and succeeded in effecting the passage of this bill against a powerful opposition. In 1876 he was member of the electoral commission, and steadfastly supported the claims of Tilden. He was a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination three successive times. In 1888 Thurman was the Democratic candidate for vice-president. After the defeat of his party that year he retired.

TO RESTORE MIRRORS.

I would like to have you tell me how to repair a mirror that has had the quicksilver removed—S. G., Ubee, Ind.

The following is a good method to repair a damaged mirror: Pour upon a sheet of tin foil about three drachms of quicksilver to the square foot of foil. Rub smartly with a piece of buckskin until the foil becomes brilliant. Lay the glass upon a flat table, face downwards, place the foil upon the damaged portion of the glass, lay a sheet of paper over the foil, and place on it a block of wood or a piece of marble with a perfectly flat surface; put upon it sufficient weight to press it down tight, and let it remain in this position for a few hours. The foil will adhere to the glass.

ALUM IN BREAD.

Will you please tell what effect alum has on bread.—M. J., St. Cloud, Fla.

Bread that is made from flour containing alum is said to be very white. Partly for the reason and partly on account of the cheapness of the substance, ammonia alum has been largely used in the manufacture of baking powders. This practice has been condemned, and pronounced detrimental to health.

BUFFALO BILL.

Will the Question Bureau please give an account of the life of Colonel W. F. Cody, otherwise known as Buffalo Bill?—J. H. L., Mancelona, Mich.

William Frederick Cody was born in Iowa in 1845. His father was one of the early pioneers of Kansas. He formed one of the company who laid out the city of Leavenworth, and took an active part in making Kansas a free state. He was stabbed at an exciting political meeting. After this he was obliged to flee from his home and family, sheltering himself where he could. He finally died from exposure, in 1857. At this time Russell, Majors & Waddell were employed by the goverment in carrying stores across the plains, and young Cody hired out to them, and in their employ was obliged to visit every military fort and post west of the Missouri river. He became a favorite among the plainsmen and soldiers, and it was during this period that he had his first experience of Indian fighting, having, it is said, shot and killed an Indian when he was only 11 years of age. In 1861 he was called home to the bedside of his sick mother. She died during his visit and, as the Civil War had then begun and Cody had some record as a frontiersman, he was employed as an Indian scout and served to the close of the war with the Seventh Kansas Cavalry. He had become a dead shot with the rifle, and after the close of the war he entered the employ of Shoemaker, Miller & Co., constructors of the Canadian Pacific railway. He entered into a contract with the company for a monthly compensation of $500, to supply their force of laborers with buffalo meat, and in 18 months he killed 4,280 buffaloes, on which account he received the title of "Buffalo Bill." In the spring of 1868 he re-entered army life and was appointed by Gen. Sheridan chief of scouts for the department of Missouri and the Platte. He was scout and guide for the Fifth cavalry against the Sioux and Cheyennes. He then served with the Canadian river expedition in 1868-69, and continued to act in the capacity of scout until 1872, making his headquarters at Fort McPherson, Neb. It was at this time that he was elected representative from the Twenty-sixth district of Nebraska in the state legislature. After his term of office expired Cody was offered the position of guide for the Russian Grand Duke Alexis and his party, who were going out on the plains on a hunting expedition. He accepted the offer and piloted their entire party through their excursion, bringing them back without a single accident and loaded with game. He was richly rewarded.

In 1876 the Sioux war was begun, and Cody, who had at this time first started his theatrical experience with a company of Indians and scouts, disbanded them, joined the Fifth Cavalry and in the battle of Indian Creek, in a hand-to-hand fight, killed Yellow Hand, a Cheyenne chief. After the Indian war was over he again turned his attention to the show business and produced what is known as the Wild West, which became a great success in both America and Europe.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Please give a short sketch of the life of Guy de Maupassant—M. E. P., Garfield, Wash.

Henri Rene Albert Guy de Maupassant, the French novelist, was born August 5, 1850, and died July 6, 1893. He began his career as a clerk in the navy department in Paris, and also served for a time in the French army during the Franco-Prussian war. The youth took the novelist Flaubert as his model in the art of composition. After years of practice, during which he wrote and destroyed a great number of manuscripts, he allowed a short story, "Boule de Suif," to appear in 1880, a work which displayed the greatest finish and at the same time allied him to the naturalistic school of fiction. In the same year he published a book of verse and a drama. After this he continued to cultivate the short story, and very soon was recognised as one of the greatest writers of the short story that the nineteenth century had seen. In spite of the perfection of art displayed in their construction, neither his brief tales nor his novels form pleasant reading. They compel admiration, but they are dominated by pessimism, and in his later work traces of an unbalanced mind may be plainly seen. In 1892 De Maupassant's mental melady occasioned the cessation of literary occupation, and he became wholly insane, dying in an asylum.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER

Please give a history of the life of Zachariah Chandler in the columns of the Question Bureau.—A. C. M., Syracuse, N. Y.

Zachariah Chandler, the American statesman, was born December 10, 1813, and died November 1, 1879. He received a common school education, and early in life went to Detroit, where he engaged in the dry goods business in which his energy and ability soon brought success and put him in possession of a handsome fortune. In 1851 he was made mayor of Detroit, and the following year was the Whig candidate for governor of Michigan, but was defeated. In January, 1857, he was elected to the United States senate, to succeed General Lewis Cass. Chandler was re-elected in 1863 and 1869. President Grant appointed him secretary of interior, and in 1879 he was again elected to the senate. He opposed the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution. Chandler was a warm friend of Lincoln, though he was very radical and differed from the great president in many matters of public policy. In July, 1861, he introduced a sweeping confiscation bill which failed to pass, and the following year violently assailed McClellan in a speech given in the senate. Chandler was a man of imposing presence, fine judgment, great energy and perseverance. He was found dead in bed on a morning after delivering a political address in Chicago.

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.

In what states of the United States can first cousins be married?—M. W., New Castle, Pa.

Marriage between first cousins is allowed in all the states except the following: Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming.

GEN. HENRY W. LAWTON.

Please give a biographical sketch of Henry W. Lawton.—S. P. L., Loretto, Tenn.

Henry Ware Lawton, the American soldier, was born March 17, 1843, and died December 19, 1899. In 1861 he entered the military service as a private soldier, and became a captain in the following year. In 1865 he was mustered out, but was made second lieutenant in the regular army the following year. In 1876 he was conspicuous in the expedition against the hostile Sioux and took part against the Ute Indians in Colorado in October, 1879, and in the spring of 1886 was selected by General Miles to lead a picked body of troops into Mexico in pursuit of Geronimo. At the end of three months Geronimo and his band were captured. When the Spanish-American war broke out Lawton was promoted lieutenant-colonel, and was made major-general of volunteers in July, 1898. He was in command of the second division of the Fifth army corps before Santiago, and at the close of the war was transferred to the Philippines, where he began active operations against the insurgents, and after capturing Santa Cruz, a Filipino stronghold, April 10, 1899, and San Isidro, May 15, was placed in command of Manila, June 1. In the autumn Lawton began an offensive campaign looking toward the capture of Aguinaldo, and was killed in the battle of San Mateo.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME LAWS.

Please give in the columns of your paper the game laws of Massachusetts.—J. H. M., Athens, Pa.

In Massachusetts there is no open season for deer with the exceptions of Berkshire, Franklin, Hampden, Hampshire and Worcester counties, when there is an open season from the third Monday in November to the following Saturday. The open season for hare or rabbit is from October 15 to March 1; gray squirrel, October 15 to November 15; quail, ruffed grouse or partridge, woodcock, October 15 to November 16; prairie chicken, dove, wild or passenger pigeon, pheasants (English, golden, Mongolian), killdeer or piping plover, swan, no open season; heath hen, wood or summer duck, five years, September 1, 1911; Bartramian sandpiper (upland plover), July 15, 1915; plover (except upland and killdeer or piping plover), snipe, sandpiper, peep, rail, gallinule, quark (mudhen), or any shore, marsh or beach birds, August 1 to January 1; duck (except wood duck), teal, goose, brant, September 15 to January 1.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

I would like to have the Question Bureau give some facts concerning terrestrial magnetism.—S. J. F., Salemville, Pa.

The phenomenon of terrestrial magnetism is explained by regarding the earth as a great magnet of irregular structure, so that its magnetism is somewhat unequally distributed over the entire mass. Spheres have been formed of large masses of loadstone, which so act on small dipping needles carried over their surface as to give results approaching in character the irregular one expressing the magnetic elements of the earth. The supposition that the earth was a great magnet was first advanced by Dr. William Gilbert, who was Queen Elizbeth's physician, in 1600. Though there have been a number of hypotheses concerning the distribution of the centers of magnetism through the earth's mass, philosophers are generally agreed that Gilbert's hypothesis is correct. The "dip" of the magnetic needle, which locates the magnetic pole, was first noted about 1576. In the northern hemisphere the north end of the needle points downward, making an angle with the horizon; in the southern hemisphere the south pole of the magnet points downward. This is what is called the dip of the needle. This downward inclination amounts at the latitude and longitude of New York to an angle of 73 degrees with the horizon. If the needle is carried northward and westward from this point, its dip is seen to increase until, having reached latitude 70 deg. 5 min. north, and longitude 96 deg. 46 min. west, we reach a point where the needle takes an exactly perpendicular position. This phenomenon was first noted by Commodore Ross in 1832, and this point is called the north magnetic pole of the earth. It is inferred from observations on the dip in the southern hemisphere that a south magnetic pole—where the needle will be vertical with the south pole downward—exists about latitude 70 deg. south and longitude 125 deg. east of Greenwich, but no explorer has ever reached this point. There is also a line about midway between these two poles, where the needle does not dip, but holds a truly horizontal position. This is known as the magnetic equator. It is a very irregular line, passing around the earth in the tropical regions and crosses the geographical equator at four points. It has been located with considerable accuracy by observers.

CALIFORNIA CLIMATE.

I would like to know something about the climate of California.—A. S. Ashland, Ore.

The climate of California varies throughout the state. Along the coast, especially in the southern part, it is unusually mild. The long narrow shape of the state and its proximity to the ocean on one side and arid plans on the other and the high mountain ranges are the cause of a varied climate. In the vicinity of Los Angeles it is possible at times to take a sleigh ride within twelve mile of the city on one side and looking down upon blossoming orange groves not five miles distant), and by an hour's ride, to bathe in the Pacific, which has here a winter temperature of 60 degrees. California has but two seasons, the wet and the dry. The winter, or rainy season, is approximately from late October to late April, with 15 to 25 rainy days. For six months after May 1, rain is practically unknown, except showers in the high mountain ranges. In the high Sierras the winter precipitation takes the form of snow, with an annual fall of thirty to fifty feet, thus supplying the natural reservoirs which feed the streams, upon which irrigation from agriculture largely depends.

In the lower valleys of California there are alluvial soils. Along the foothills the soil is mostly gravel. These gravel beds are rich in all the elements of plant food. Some of the finest oranges and other citrus fruits come from this soil. Wheat, barley, wool, grapes and other fruits, wine, brandy, honey and timber are some of the important products of California.

STONE OF SCONE.

Will you please give a full and complete history of the Stone of Scone which rests under the coronation chair of the kings of England?—H. M., Fayetteville, N. C.

Tradition associates this stone with the one on which Jacob laid his head at Bethel and which his sons carried into Egypt. From there it passed to Spain with King Gathelus, the son of Cecrops, who was the founder of Athens. About 700 B. C. it appears in Ireland, where it was carried by the Spanish king's son, Simon Brech, where he invaded that island, and it was placed on the sacred hill of Tara and called the "stone of destiny," for when the Irish kings were seated upon it at the coronations the stone groaned aloud if the claimant was of the royal race, but remained silent if he was a pretender. In 330 B. C., Fergus, the founder of the Scottish monarchy, received it in Scotland, and King Kenneth, in 850 A. D. finally placed it in the temple of Scone. This is a place located about twenty miles northwest of Edinburgh. Among the reasons for rejecting the traditions of this celebrated stone may be stated that its quality is precisely like the vast number of stones found on Scottish soil. The size of the stone is 26 inches long, 16 inches wide, and 11 inches deep.

The actual history of this relic seems to be that all the sovereigns of Scotland were crowned on this stone, and when King Edward I of the Plantagenet line of England (see Chambers' cyclopedia) engaged in war with the Scotch he carried this stone to London, in 1297, where it has ever since remained.

Edward immediately ordered the coronation chair to be made and the stone securely fastened beneath the seat. It stands today a living monument of royalty in England.

GOVERNMENT WHITEWASH.

I would like to have you publish again the recipe for making government whitewash.—A. F. L., Bedford, Ia.

Slack one-half bushel of unslacked lime with boiling water and boiled covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt, dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water; mix these well together and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle or portable furnace, and when used, put it on as hot as possible, with painter's or whitewash brushes. Coloring may be put in and made of any shade. Spanish brown stirred in will make red pink, more or less deep, according to the quantity. Finely pulverized, common clay will make a reddish stone color. Yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow wash, but creme goes farther and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. The darkness of the shades is determined by the quantity of the coloring used. Green must not be mixed with lime.

Sign.

We know that it is summer,
With everything in tune,
When in the sky at evening
We see the hammock moon.

—Puck.

"Iron Quill" and His Most Famous Poem

By EUGENE F. WARE, DIED JULY 2, 1911

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone:
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along,
I had heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile,
More in sympathy than guile;
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor.
But in monotones the song,
She was humming all day long.
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be;
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone
Of a Savior and a friend
That will keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washbord in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools,
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I should not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

DEATH OF A FAMED KANSAS POET, EUGENE F. WARE

Eugene F. Ware, former commissioner of pensions, but more noted as a poet and humorist, died at Colorado Springs, Col., July 2, while on a visit. His home was in Cherokee, Kan.

Mr. Ware's greatest fame came to him under the name of "Ironquill." It was under this pen name that he published The Washerwoman, and many other poems. It was not only as a poet that he was known. He was author of many books on law and also translated and edited many ancient legal books. His history of Iowa's troops in the civil war is accepted as authoritative.

Mr. Ware considered his poetry writing a pleasure, and although several of his books of verse went into several editions he refused to accept the profits on them, giving the proceeds to some worthy cause.

Besides being a poet Mr. Ware was noted as a soldier, lawyer and political leader.

Eugene F. Ware was born at Hartford, Conn., on May 29, 1841. He was the son of Hiram B. and Manda M. Ware. He was a lineal descendant of Robert Ware, one of the early settlers of Massachusetts. He was educated at the public schools of Hartford, and when young removed with his parents to Burlington, Iowa, there continuing his education in the public schools.

At the outbreak of the civil war in 1861 he enlisted in the First Iowa Volunteer infantry the same day Ft. Sumter was fired on. He served throughout the war and was mustered out of service on June 1, 1866, with the rank of captain of calvery, being at the time an aid-de-camp of Major General G. M. Dodge, heretofore one of General Sherman's corps commanders.

Tells of March to Sea.

He tells of that in his poem Neutralia:

"Well, we whacked 'em at Atlanta—we whaled 'em, we flailed 'em,
Then he raced 'em down through Georgia, till they didn't know what ailed 'em;
And we sang and marched a-fighting, and we fit and sang a-marching,
And we left a belt of charcoal through a country scathed and parching."

Mr. Ware removed to Ft. Scott, Kan., in 1867. He opened a harness shop. While working at his trade he drifted into poetry by accident. His first attempt was at putting his harness shop advertisements in rhyme. He was so successful that he was asked to contribute a poem to a small paper. He wrote Neutralia, which ran through several editions of the paper, and the editor wanted more. A friend of Ware's was a justice of the peace, and when he took his cases under advisement it was Ware who assisted him in reaching his decisions.

The harness maker went to the Indian country to live on a ranch for a while. While there he mastered Blackstone sufficiently to be admitted to the bar when he returned to Ft. Scott. He did not attend a law school and did not read law in a lawyer's office, as many aspirants do.

Later he edited his own paper, the Ft. Scott Monitor, and in that appeared many of his poems.

He was a member of the state senate of Kansas two terms, was commissioner for Kansas at the celebration of the Yorktown centennial and commissioner at large to the Washington centennial in New York city.

He was appointed federal commissioner of pensions in 1902 by President Roosevelt to succeed Henry Clay Evans. He occupied the position for two years.

The humor which showed in all of Mr. Ware's writings also was present in his daily life. An instance of this is shown in a letter which he sent to a Topeka paper, which was sounding his praises when he was appointed commissioner.

This letter read: "Will you kindly omit in your paper all further allusions to me. I am overpraised. In a little while, by the law of compensation, I will be overblamed. Glorification notices will nauseate my friends and provoke my enemies.

"If I should be confirmed and then accepted and should enter upon my duties as commissioner of pensions I will be handicapped by these contending emotions.

"And when, at last, my exterior shall decorate the fence, as it certainly must in time, my friends will have no incentive to weep and my enemies will have no restraint upon their levity, therefore please do not give them any more."

Even in his official life Mr. Ware found a chance to have plenty of kindly joking.

Not the Gift She Intended.

Le Cri de Paris.

Recently when the wealthy Mlle. de R. was to be married, one of our good duchesses had to make her a present, just a little present. The duchess thought it would be useless to expend much money for a person so rich. She thought if she would look through her vast mansion she would be able to find something, some trinket, to which the addition of her card would give her sufficient glory. She finally found in her writing desk an insignificant cameo that she had once worn.

The following day she received from her young friend a letter of enthusiastic thanks: "Oh, you have been very foolish. This is too, too beautiful,' etc.

"She is making sport of my little present," thought the good duchess.

Then came a second letter, this time from the husband, who was to be. "How can we thank you We are delighted. This will spoil us.'

"The impertinent fellow,' said the duchess. "He wants me to understand that I have been niggardly."

Nevertheless she went to pay a visit to the R.'s before the marriage. There, in the midst of her presents, exposed in a most prominent place, she saw little cameo placed upon her card. An old gentleman approached her. He is a member of the academy of inscriptions and belles lettres.

"What a wonderful present you have given these children. Mme. le Duchess,' he said. "For 40 years we have been seeking for this very cameo. It is of the era of Trajan and this trinket is valued at 200,000 francs."

Ah, the poor duchess!

Coops in Fields for Babies.

Greeley Cor. Denver Republican.

That necessity is the mother of invention is shown by the hundreds of little buildings resembling chicken coops which are scattered over the wheat fields of Weld county to provide daytime homes for the babies of the Russians who work in the wheat fields.

The Russian mothers are obliged to take their babies to the fields and have built these little structures of wood, covering them with canvas. At noon and once in the morning and in the afternoon the mothers visit their children, leaving them alone for the remainder of the day.

The youngsters are apparently contented and remain in their little coops without a cry, gazing through the slats at the passersby.

The Porto Rican's Arsenal.

Washington Post.

"I have been visiting one of outlying possessions," said E. Stanley Faversham.

"I wanted a new sensation in the way of travel and thought it would be worth while to take a look at Porto Rico.

"The Spanish inhabitants cling to their old customs to a great extent, and a stranger is impressed by the remarkable devotion to canes. Men, young and old, and even boys, carry some sort of a walking stick, and the Porto Rico dandies are very proud of the way they can twirl a cane and make passes with it as with a sword.

"The dude of the Porto Rico country is very proud of his collection of canes and refers to it as his arsenal."

Married Men's Troubles.

Ladies' Home Journal.

It was married men's night at the revival meeting.

"Let all you husbands who have troubles on your minds stand up," shouted the preacher at the height of his spasm.

Instantly every man in the church arose except one.

"Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering out at this lone individual, who occupied a chair near the door. "You are one in a million."

"It ain't that," piped back this one helplessly as the rest of the congregation gazed suspiciously at him. "I can't get up—I'm paralyzed."

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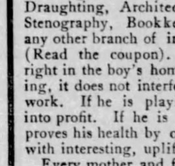
IN THE OPEN AIR CYLINDER the gas is superheated. It is made and burned before your eyes. No closed chamber. Furnishes a steady intense heat, concentrated under cooking vessels and absorbed by articles being cooked; none thrown out to overheat the kitchen. Heat under control. To put fire out turn adjuster—oil runs back—fire goes out. Not dangerous like gasoline. All parts open—nothing to clog or close up.

Sectional cut.

MANY THOUSANDS sent to families in various parts of the world. Men and women enthusiastic over its comfort and convenience.

F. G. Boylston, S. C., "Easy to run, nice and clean. Cooked for a family of six, 5 days, only 3 quarts of oil." Wm. O. Poe, Md., "Can get a meal in 20 minutes; baked biscuits in 4 minutes." Rev. E. H. Marshall, Va., "It gives the best of heat; 24c of oil lasts a whole week to do the cooking and baking for 3 in family." Mrs. M. E. King, Ky., "I am delighted; I have baked and cooked, washed and ironed. Can do anything my range does, besides no danger of burns the house." Mr. Ed. N. Helwig, Ont., "Only used a half gallon of oil last week for cooking, baking and ironing."

COMBINED COOKING AND HEATING or cooking exclusively. IDEAL FOR Roasting, Cooking, Baking, Ironing, canning fruit, picnics, cottages, camping. In winter use radiator for heating house, store rooms, etc. No more carrying coal, kindling, ashes and dirt. No hot fiery kitchen. Practical invention for the home. Simple, durable—last for years. Saves expense, drudgery and fuel bills.



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PRICES LOW, $3.25 and Up. Any number of burners. Give this stove a trial. NOT SOLD IN STORES. Send no money—only send your name and address. Write today for full description, hundreds of testimonials. Our 1911 proposition and circular free.

MAKE MONEY FOR YOURSELF

Buy wholesale—sell Retail. Men and Women, at home—all or part time—showing—taking orders. Head & Frazer, Texas, write: "Enclose order for $81. RUSH. Sell like hot cakes. Sold 50 stoves in our town." B. L. Henstel, Mich., "Was out one day and sold 11 stoves." Ira P. Adams, Ia., "Ordered 3 stoves, then 12." Chas. P. Schroeder, Conn., "Bought 40 stoves one order." J. D. Whitman, Ore., "First ordered 12 stoves, then 36." W. G. Windsor, Ariz., ordered 1 stove, then 14 stoves. R. F. Wright, Okla., ordered 3 stoves, then 3 more, and says, "Stoves are giving satisfaction." J. R. Scott, Tenn., ordered 1 stove, then 6 stoves, says "I am well pleased—does all you claim." Constant demand.

MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS

Show the cylinder making gas—people

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1911.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Respect the Guideboards

Nobody could have any admiration for the judgment of a lost man who would ignore a guideboard that was pointing in the direction he wanted to go. There are guideboards in The Blade's advertising columns every week. They are pointing the way for you, but cannot help you if you carelessly pass them by. All honest guideboards should be given respectful attention.

BLADE WATCH PREMIUM

Robert Doyle, of Pinckney, Va., won The Blade watch premium for the month of June. Mr. Pinckney sent in a list of 79 names.

Some men feel flattered when a strange dog wags his tail at them.

The way of the transgressor is hard—and even his lawyers have no picnic.

Sometimes the other side of the story is the one we don't like to hear.

Universal peace will probably come when men quit quarreling over line fences.

Inventing excuses is a waste of genius. That isn't what the boss pays you for.

If the Maine was blown up by an inside explosion, what will we do with the Philippines?

Lots of men think they will do something great, if the weather ever happens to be just right.

Three weeks is the life of the average fly. But don't wait for it to die a natural death. Swat!

The Texas woman who shot a burglar through the heart must have aimed at the chiffonier.

Prophets are promising warm winters. But perhaps they are simply trying to be agreeable.

Almost any woman can manage to get along pretty well, provided she has no husband to support.

If the people who pray for rain could have their own way they would make a muss of things in general.

Orphan children are at a great disadvantage. Nobody takes the trouble to repeat the bright things they say.

What has become of the old-fashioned astronomer who used to asseverate that the sun is losing its heat?

Perhaps you have in mind some superior person who will be pleased to know that all men are not created equal.

Queen Mary will wear the Order of the Garter on her arm. George will not violate tradition; the left leg for his.

In Georgia a widow became engaged to one of the pall bearers while her husband was being buried. Love is impetuous.

The report that the United States possesses $1,316,250,000 in gold is probably true, but it sounds like a buried treasure story.

From what the critics have had to say concerning Rudyard Kipling's latest poem, it must have been written by Alfred Austin.

A weather bureau is something like a newspaper—every man who never had any experience thinks he could run it successfully.

Mr. Carnegie's recent statement that millionaires are to be scarce in the future seems not to have created any general alarm.

New York has the tallest June bride. Height, 7 feet in her stockings; height of groom, 6 feet ditto. Theme—"She Stoops to Conquer."

The Saturday Evening Post prints a picture of Senator La Follette, taken when he was in his teens. Even at that early age his hair stod up in front.

Man is the absolute lord and master of the home. That is the opinion of a Massachusetts judge. We have an opinion of our own, but not for publication.

One man went into bankruptcy the other day with fifteen children representing his available assets. It wouldn't take a poet to convince him that life is real, life is earnest.

"One of the greatest beautifiers in the world is a pleasant smile," says Lillian Russell. But we can't see how a pleasant smile is going to make the back of a girl's neck beautiful.

"An epidemic of suicide by hanging with suspenders has struck New York." It is remarkable that men who wear belts rarely hang themselves. What's the psychological answer?

THE KAISER AND THE SOCIALISTS.

It was not so long ago that Kaiser Wilhelm threw himself heart and soul into a political campaign the main purpose of which was to destroy the growing powers of the Socialists. He did not hesitate in the employment of terms which would show his abhorrence of them. "Fellows without a country," he called them, "traitors" and "cut-throats."

Recently he said: "My Socialists are not so black as they are painted."

The Socialist movement in Germany is credited with being the most active in the world. The party, certainly, is strongest there. But in many ways the program of the German Socialists is not so radical as that of other parties in other countries. The German Socialists ar fighting now for lower tariff, for relief from burdensome taxes for the limiting of armament and for manhood suffrage—nothing wild-eyed or likely to scare the easiest frightened of rich men into fits. It would seem no hard task for the German emperor to come into sympathy with such demands.

The fact of the matter is that emperors and Socialists alike are in the waves of a vast sea of political regeneration which neither side can define or imagine the end of. The Socialists believe they know exactly what humanity wants and needs. They don't know. They have no more than put up some fences around an intellectual field which is no more theirs than anyone else's. They move with the tide as everyone else moves, kings and beggars, corporation presidents and workers in factory and office and sun.

THE NATURAL CONSERVATIVE.

It was written of a man who died the other day: "He was one of the few men prominent in the early affairs of the state who kept abreast of the development of the times and in touch with their sentiment to the end."

Whether Providence so rules the minds of men out of its infinite wisdom or whether it is a human weakness, the radical of one period becomes the conservative of the next, the leader of a forward movement forms in time the fortress for those who are determined to stand still. From one point of view, that of the individual, it is a pitiful thing that this should be so. Yet in the interest of society it is important that progress be made with such slowness and steadiness that the enthusiasm of youth and the single-mindedness of extremists do not lead us into sloughs of perilous experiment. It is best that the elders should constitute the conservatives, the safety brakes of a nation. Perhaps it is no fine compliment to say of a man whose service has been long that he has been always abreast of the times. He may have neglected that office for which his years intended him.

A QUESTION LONG SETTLED.

The most recent expert opinion of the cause of the diaster which overwhelmed tthe battleship Maine is that the explosion was from within. It should be properly ticketed and stowed away in the archives where there are some hundreds of others such opinions. If it should ever be considered worth the trouble, the reports could be listed and checked and a balance struck so that the world should know just where it was the Maine was destroyed. In a scientific age, the laws of arithmetic ought to be accepted as infallible.

To be serious with a really serious subject, the question of the blowing up the Maine was settled in the minds of the American people long ago. Even if circumstantial evidence is a bad thing, the circumstances attending the disaster can never be explained away by testimony to the effect that the magazines of the battleship exploded. Experts who pass upon the problem now gain nothing for their pains unless there is a pleasure in stating opinions for their own sake. After 13 years there still exists no doubt among the mass of the people that the Maine, anchored in a hostile port, was destroyed by an explosion from without.

PROGRESS OF AN ART.

Aviator Tom Sopwith, of the Nassau Boulevard aeroplane, qualified as an aerial messenger yesterday afternoon by carrying a note by the air route to the Salisbury golf links. Mrs. Timothy Woodruff, who was a spectator at the flights, received an invitation to take dinner on the North Shore and wanted to notify Mr. Woodruff, who was spending the afternoon on the golf links, but he was not in reach of a telephone. The young airman said he would be glad to fly over with a note and he delivered the message and then took Mr. Woodruff aboard his aeroplane and landed him at his home.—New York Sun.

Just a little jaunt to be recorded in the society columns on any other than a holiday. A safe and sane way to spend the Fourth.

Passed out of recollection is the death of the young army officer and the crippling of Orville Wright when first the aeroplane carried both driver and passenger. Forgotten are the tragedies of the aviation meets, the loss of birdmen at sea, the dive from the clouds while sightseers cried their anguish at the sight, the broken mechanisms and shattered careers. So the art of flying has come in—a sport at first for the utterly fearless and reckless, a happy convenience now for golf players hastening to keep a dinner engagement.

LAKE TRAFFIC.

The stagnation in the steel and iron trade is directly reflected in the state of the lake traffic. In spite of good prospects at the beginning of the season, the shipping has fallen away alarmingly. Ore carriers are tied up in every port. At the end of the second week of June 91 of the big freighters, ranging in capacity from 5,000 to 10,000 tons, had not yet made a trip. Among the estimates is one, possibly exaggerated, that 400 vessels were idle.

Should the crops of the northwest prove heavier than the outlook now promises, there will, of course, be an awakening of traffic with the end of the season navigation. Yet so intimately is the lake shipping bound to the prosperity of the steel trade that the year will be classed with 1908 as a bad one. A slight increase in June will fail to overcome the poor showing made in May, at the end of which 4,016,464 tons of ore had been handled, as against 7,601,665 tons handled from the beginning of navigation in 1910 to the 1st of June.

The time is still a long distance away when the activity of the lake trade will rest upon local shipping. Yet those who know the lakes best say that package freight is bound to be greater some day than that of ore and grain and lumber. This will come about through the growth of the lake cities and the development of the hinterland. Only the surface of the water, so to speak, has been scratched.

CUBA AND THE CANAL

Everyone has been interested in the stimulation which New Orleans, Mobile, San Pedro and San Diego have experienced through the prospects held out to them by the construction of the Panama canal. A recent consular report describes the activity which has been awakened in Cienfuegos, Cuba, by the same promise of increased business.

Cienfuegos, in fact, is in the throes of a boom. The city has completed a fine waterworks system, has sewers, and is putting in a sewage disposal plant and has offered such inducements to increased population that upon the last of January it counted nearly 5,000 more residents than it could boast a year before. Factories have been established, suburbs laid out, warehouses built, sixty miles of electric trackage contracted for and concessions wrung from the island government. The consul notes also an increase in the price of real estate. As Cienfuegos has a deep and well protected harbor and will lie in the track of steamers from Europe to the canal, it will constitute a natural port of call.

It is going to be a most interesting thing to watch the West Indies, the oldest place of white settlement in North America, reawaken under the galvanic impulse which the canal will furnish. Horace Greeley's advice to young men—"Go West"—has in recent years been changed to "Go South." In the course of a decade or two it may read, "Go farther South."

WHEN TROUBLE-MAKING COMES HOME.

The Mexican revolution had its beginning under the cloak of anti-foreign riots. Attacks were made particularly upon Americans and their property. Just how intimately the disturbances were conducted with the Madero campaign probably only a few persons know. A strange thing about them is that immediately after the revolutionists took pains to cultivate the good will of Americans over the line, to wage their campaign where, if retreat were necessary, they could flee beyond Mexican jurisdiction and to adopt tactics which would invite the intervention of Washington.

The anti-foreign movement gave way before the real movement for the overthrow of the government of Diaz. Yet it has been revived. The seeds that were sown have grown and flowered. Dispatches from the republic tell of demands made upon the administration for the annullment of concessions to Americans. Processions are formed as demonstrations against the buying and using of American articles of trade. Symbols and cockades have been designed, each wearer of which makes public proclamation of his determination to keep "Mexico for Mexicans."

Not the least of the difficulties of the successors of Diaz will be the quelling of this spirit they themselves brought into being. Manifestly, they do not desire to do aught which will cost them the friendliness of the people to the north. At the same time the country still stirs with the excitement of civil war. The dilemma calls for a combination of firmness and diplomacy which may strain the capacity of the triumphant rebels.

BARREN OF BITES

The country dog, being blessed with a good clean pair of lungs and a throat muscular and willing, never hesitates to voice his opinions. He barks with an air of meaning what he says. He rushes forth with every indication of determination to tear the stranger to pieces and sort the dismembered parts among the hiding places of his dooryard.

But the savagery of the country dog belongs to that book of myths the frontispiece of which is the bull tossing the picnicker over the fence. As it is put in learned circles, they ain't no such thing. The dog's chief aim in life is to scare folks into fits. He particularly delights to set the knees of the city wanderer a-wobble. He would rather speed some one up the road than to uncover a long forgotten soup bone. But next to this pleasure, the country dog delights in petting. If you show him no fear, talk to him in a friendly way, nine chances in ten he shuts his bark short off and comes timidly forward with tail waving, plainly hungry for the least friendliness. Many a snarling brute has been transformed in a second to a delighted escort. The sense of safety the farmer gains from possessing a half-dozen dogs is based upon the knowledge that the evildoer is just naturally full of fear. The bite of the country dog is as rare as his bark is common.

LEGISLATURES

The members of the Kentucky house of representatives have voted themselves $500 apiece as extra compensation "to cover expenses." The governor, being unable to see wherein the legislators were entitled to such a comfortable bonus, has written a special message appealing to them to curb their indecent greed and give the people a chance to believe it had a fairly respectable assembly. But the message was written in vain.

There isn't much difference between legislatures. New York is now expressing its disgust with the assemblymen who jump through the hoop at Tammany's order. The legislature of New Jersey made an astonishing record for efficiency this year, but everyone says it was because Woodrow Wilson caught it in the dark and scared the nerve out of it. The Ohio assembly was a strange mixture of progressive law-making and old-fashioned grafting. Taken by and large one state legislature measures just about upon a par with every other one.

Until men of the right stamp, intelligent, energetic, schooled against the wiles and tricks of the old-timers, hating the imputation of sheep-headedness, can scare up a little more common, working patriotism, legislatures will be what legislatures are.

ACCLIMATED.

There are thousands of southerners, westerners and easterners in the lake country. They have known more of truly hot weather than any native, experienced the blinding, stifling oppression which rules, for example, in St. Louis and Washington in the summer months. They have in their time been used to the dry, cell-withering, thirsty winds of the southwest, or have learned how to combat that blanket of steam which forms over the country along the eastern coast.

Yet, if you who are born to this climate ask those who have come from other sections, you will find that the old training, or old experience, is of little utility. These people have become acclimated. Their bodies have learned to meet the cooler conditions which ordinarily prevail here, to stand the biting wet cold of winter and to expect an invigorating, endurable season in midsummer. They, too, have suffered from the laundry-like atmosphere of the last few days and among those complaining they will be found not less vociferous than others.

Weather, after all, is not a thing of figures and reports, not of the registration of wind-vanes and thermometers. It is to be measured in degrees of comfort or discomfort. The heat which the people of Memphis find no difficulty in standing causes us up here to gasp and to flag in our work. The cold of winter in which we can find enjoyment congeals the blood of the Tennessean and suggests to his mind that we are cousins to the Esquimaux.

PAPER, NOT PRODUCTS.

The men who builded the steel industry of America were concerned at first only with the construction of furnaces and mills, the sale of products and the meeting of foreign competition. They counted upon returns; indeed, hoped for enormous products. But they were all along natural lines, the margins from sales.

By the time that the financiers of Wall street took a hand in the steel industry the producers were nourishing another ambition. They had beheld the opportunity for swift fortunes and surrendered the pride they had developed in the possession of widespread mills and cloud producing furnaces. These fortunes were to be made in selling stocks and bonds, in raking off enormous commissions and getting in on the inside of the market. The report of the bureau of corporations shows that the syndicate which promoted the steel trust provided a capital of $25,000,000 and incurred other expenses amounting to $3,000,000. In return for this service the underwriters took stock of the par value of $130,000,000, which realized about $90,000,000. The profit was $62,500,000. The report says:

It should be pointed out that the syndicate managers were prominently identified with the management of several of the companies acquired by the Steel Corporation, and also with the management of the corporation itself. Three partners of the firm of J. P. Morgan Co., the syndicate managers, were on the directorate of the corporation, and one of them was also chairman of the finance committee. Moreover, the underwriting syndicate included the heads of several constituent companies. These facts are entitled to great weight in connection with this enormous commisson allowed to the synidcate. In other words, as managers of the Steel Corporation these various interests virtually determined their compensation as underwriters.

This extravagant compensation to the underwriting syndicate may fairly be cited as further evidence of a general disposition toward excessive issue of securities.

The fortunes of the steel barons, in short, were not made in steel, but in securities. They do not represent returns from marketed products, but from marketed paper.

WHAT THEY CARED FOR MOST

Senator Cummins is prepared to give the heartiest endorsement to the saying that "circumstances alter cases." While governor of Iowa he delivered fervid speeches in favor of the doctrine of reciprocity. He is the author of a long encyclopediac article upon the subject, showing throughout it his warmest approval of the principle. But today he is upon the other side. He is aligned with Joseph Cannon, Senator Bailey and all of the "Old Guard" who stand loyally by their friends of the lumber and paper trusts.

Mr. Cummins' speech of Wednesday in criticism of the President constitutes more evidence to back up the charge that the insurgent movement in the senate has degenerated into mere hatred of Mr. Taft. Why should Mr. Cummins have played the renegade to policies he long preached? Why should he make it a point not to lay stress upon defects in the proposed treaty with Canada, but to expose defects in the President's arguments? The reason is plain to everyone in Washington and should be to the rest of the country. Mr. Taft was a true progressive in arranging for the treaty. He displayed the most sincere desire to cure those wrongs that the Payne-Aldrich tariff law failed to remedy. At the same time the so-called progressives lost a grievance. Some of them have not been big enough to admit that conditions were altered. They have proved that it was not constructive legislation they had most at heart, but excuses for snarling at the chief executive.

DOUBLE LIVES.

The papers of Chicago published the picture of a man who was the victim of a mysterious murder. After a careful examination of their rogues' gallery the police positively identified him as a notorious hotel thief. They were scarcely through when two women visited the undertaker's and looked at the body.

"It's brother Jim," one of them cried.

It came out then that, to the sister, the man had been an upright citizen, active and prosperous in business, the careful conservator of a fortune left him by his father.

The annals of crime contain many stories of men who have led lives of viciousness not through necessity, but through love of the risks they ran, of the excitement they gained. "Double lives" are not uncommon in any community. The stories belong to the field of news which is so vastly larger, more tragical and more human than that with which the newspapers can deal. We have often thought that men who divided their existence between the light and the darkness did so more because they loved the danger and the adventure of sin than they loved sinning. Some primal impulse moved them, some instinct inherited from a past that craved lawlessness and defiance of codes, which, in cleaner hours, the men were the readiest to defend and justify.

THE DROUGHT IN THE WEST.

It was in the country out of which the drought dispatches are now coming that the story was told of the stranger who met the farmer hauling water. "How far do you have to go for water?" the traveler. "Seven miles," answered the native. "Why don't you dig a well?" "It's as far one way as it is the other," he replied.

The present dry spell began one June 1. To anyone who has been on the great plains when sun and wind vie with each other to suck every particle of moisture out of the soil, the picture is not one to think of longingly. The sky is piteously deep and blue. Save for the beating, scorching rays it seems as empty as the spaces between the stars. All day the wind whips along the ground, whistling and withering. All night it moans and groans around the corners of the farmhouses. The soul turns sick with the threat of the thing, the relentless cruelty of earth and heaven. Men, and oftener women, have gone mad under that merciless lash. Thousands of square miles of two states once became virtually depopulated after a single season of drought Towns, which had been founded with fine hopes and excellent prospects, were deserted. Land that had been cut into farms became again the grazing ranges of the cattlemen. The trains carried families away and brought none in. Out of the agony of the period, a political movement was born—a movement that was a taunt in the mouths of a party which since has taken up the principles and claimed them as its own. Crazy rainmakers found believers and people flocked to listen seriously to the wild imaginings of prophets proclaiming the end of the world.

Ten days, it is said, will spell the fate of the corn crop. The wheat crop has been cut 15,000,000 bushels. The estimate of the oat crop is 850,000,000 bushels, which is a quarter of a billion bushels less than was harvested in 1909 and 1910. The hay crop also is short. This will be a year when the east, not the west, will make the statistics which Secretary Wilson loves to write about every autumn.

A TRADE COMMISSION.

Senator Newlands, of Nevada, has introduced a bill which purposes to put all the big industrial corporations under the same kind of federal control as that which now regulates the railroads. The measure calls for the establishment of a court to be known as an interstate trade commission. It shall have in its field the same powers as that of the interstate commerce commission, be partly a judicial body, partly administrative and partly a collector of information and a bureau of recommendation.

It is only a few weeks since Mr. Gary, of the Steel trust, made his memorable statement that the company he represents would welcome the fullest federal oversight and accept without protest the government fixing of prices. It has been a most interesting thing to observe how the country has received that extremely radical view. Very strangely there has been little frothing at the mouth on the part of the reactionary interests. Perhaps they were taken off their feet. Perhaps—and this is hardest to believe—they have been secretly nursing the same ideas as those expressed by Mr. Gary. But one thing is sure. The establishment of an interstate commerce commission would not meet with the long opposition the interstate commerce commission suffered before it was cloaked with a respectable amount of authority. Nor does this mean that the corporation interests will be moved by any spirit of resignation. Rather it will be that they perceive they will be safest, that they will escape the harassing legislation of the states which felt themselves compelled to do that which the federal government failed to do.

STUDYING ANIMAL BRAINS.

Natural history has its fads and fancies just the same as other departments of human reserch. At present there is great activity in the laboratory study of animals. The scientist is striving to discover how the brains of lower organisms work. He cages monkeys and rats, birds and calves, and fits up ingenious apparatus by means of which he fondly hopes to discover how much there is of reason, how much of instinct, what reactions attend upon certain actions. Not so long ago, one of these laboratory scientists declared that the day of the old field naturalist had passed. His studies, this enthusiast thought, had been too crude and too charged with guesswork.

The animal taken into the laboratory is placed under wholly artificial conditions. No one would be likely to gather the mistaken notion that lions or pelicans or deers or kangaroos act the same in a menagerie cage as they do in the freedom of the native wilds. The laboratory man prides himself upon the possession of qualities superior to those of the menagerie helper or trainer. But it is just as likely that he would be deceived as the trainer or the helper would be.

There is still a tremendous amount of work for those who pursue the fascinating natural sciences afield. In the end, it will probably be conceded that their observations, gathered though they may be under extreme difficulties and filled with chances of failure, are the truest.

There isn't much wisdom in the ruling of the Massachusetts judge—that a man has a right to get drunk on his birthday. There are greater provocations than birthdays.

Fashion is arbitrary and does a lot of foolish things, but it can't change the style of babies—they're just as sweet and pretty as they were thousands of years ago.

Senator Atlee Pomerene has picked Harmon and Foss for the Democratic ticket in 1912. He is willing to let the convention adopt the platform.

A man praises his mother's cooking, and his sons will praise their mother's cooking. It will all come out even in the end.

"Jury is sent to bed," says a headline. Many a jury ought to be spanked, without prejudice, before being sent to bed.

Little towns always vote dry. It is because the town drunkard is conspicuous in a small place.

Sunday School

DAME FASHION LEADS KING ASTRAY

International Sunday School Lesson for July 16 Is, "Manasseh's Wickedness and Penitence." 2 Chron. 33.1-20.

By William T. Ellis.

Cleopatra is famous—or infamous—in history as the woman who led kings captive to their ruin. Her influence is said to have changed the current of history. More potent than Egypt's beautiful queen, however, in affecting the fate of nations has been the force whom we sometimes personify as Madame Grundy or Dame Fashion. That tyrannous old lady has led kings and empires about as a society girl leads a poodle dog; and she is still in business. The assigned story of the misdeeds and misery of Manasseh, because he slavishly followed the day's vogue, may be interpreted by countless instances from contemporary history. Madame Grundy is still the worst woman in the world, and the chief handmaiden of the Evil One.

The tendency which gives power to fashion-following is as old as man, and as young as last year's babe. The greatest of Hebrew seers discerned it when he said, "all we like sheep have gone astray." The manner, rather than the fact of the astrayness, is the point of that observation. Men do not go astray in purposeful, resolute self-direction; rather, they wander like witless sheep, flocking stupidly after any wicked old bell-wether that chooses to jump the fence into forbidden fields. The Indian mothers who proudly put gaudy, tinselled, shapeless imitations of European frocks upon their little children are in the same class with Manasseh, and with the sheep, and with the boys who learn to smoke, and with the man who buys an automobile which he cannot afford; all are indiscriminately following a fashion, poor slaves of Madame Grundy.

An Unkingly King.

It is the place of kings to lead fashions, and not to follow them. So, also, of all royal men and women. That is a hard truth to get into the head of the average person. Consider the multitudes of persons who this month are leaving comfortable homes in order to endure the discomforts of expensive summer resorts, simply because it is the fashion to go away from home for a vacation. Contemplate the weary women who strain nerves and purses to wear the hats and sleeves and skirts that Dame Fashion arbitrarily prescribes. Behold an entire nation like Japan, giving up its distinctive and beautiful art, and its very sense of color, in order to imitate western ways, so that it is easier to buy gaudy German lithographs in Tokio today than it is to buy the traditional Japanese prints.

Alas for the crowns that are flung away! A single glance into the mirror of our times and practices makes us more gentle with poor old Manasseh. Let us remember that he started out a spoiled child, a victim of the Oriental harem system. Called to the throne at twelve, he was the prey of sycophants, flatterers and courtiers. Everybody blames the spoiled child, why not pity him? "The rich man's son has not a fair chance today," declares J. Campbell White. Masasseh was given a bad start, perhaps by counsellors of the Assyrian party. Certainly, some evil genius was at his side to teach him a contempt for the religion of his father; he thought that Hezekiah was "an old fogy," "slow," and "behind the times;" he would be "up-to-date" and "in the swim." Little he reckoned of the maelstroms ahead.

A Long, Bad Career.

For 55 years this misguided man was king of Judah—the longest reign in the nation's history. He lived at the time of Assyria's greatest power, and he was doubtless a vassal of that world-empire. His father had been a non-conformer; he himself was a conformer, and undid, so far as lay in his power, Hezekiah's great work. The latter sought to serve the living God; his son sought to follow the Assyrian fashion. He did not want to rule over a little, one-horse "peculiar" kingdom; his ambition was to make Judah as like as possible to Assyria. In Japan today Manasseh would be called "a high collar" or one who apes foreign styles.

Here enters that familiar arch-enemy of the Jews, "the abomination of the nations." After all the past experience of the Chosen People, and the dramatic reminders that Jehovah, was greater than all the false gods, from the drowning of the Egyptians in the Red sea to the mysterious defeat of the Assyrians in Hezekiah's day, one would suppose that the lessons of the wickedness of idolatry had been well learned. But no, foolish Manasseh must set up once more, even in the temple itself, the idols which Jehovah had so often caused to be overthrown. With these went wicked practices which, happily, are not even understood by Christian readers.

As is generally the case, desertion of the true God was followed by a repudiation of the moral standards. Witchcraft followed in the wake of idolatry. Justice disappeared, and the streets of the city ran red with the blood of innocent persons, slain by the king who should have been their protector. The common welfare is most secure where the laws of God are best observed.

The Turning of the Lane.

Everybody has observed that when a man goes wrong he is likely to go farthest wrong; the prodigal behaves worse than the inhabitants of "the far country." This son of a God-fearing father outstripped the idolatrous Assyrians in wickedness. In a factory where many ignorant and evil men worked, the most corrupt and corrupting was one of the higher-grade workers, the educated son of a Sunday school superintendent. The awful record of this king of Judah is thus written: "And Manasseh seduced Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, so that they did evil more than did the nations whom Jehovah destroyed before the children of Israel."

Small wonder that the outraged Jehovah declared, "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down." Ages-old is the folly of man, which attemps to war against the great God. "Wherefore Jehovah brought upon them"—the oft-warned, but still obdurate people of Judah—"the captains of the host of the king of Assyria, who took Manasseh in chains, and bound him with fetter, and carried him to Babylon." The turning of the long lane of sin had been reached—and it led to a miry pit.

The Second Chance.

The greatest glory of God is His mercy. He must be just, but He also is compassionate. Some fathers disown their undeserving children forever, but the gate of the heavenly Father's house is never shut against a repentant prodigal. Even foolish, fashion-following, wicked Manasseh was given another opportunity. In captivity's hard school he learned his lesson, and penitent, prayed and was pardoned. He reformed, returned and rebuilt. God let him go back to Jerusalem to undo, in his old age, some of the mischief he had wrought through a long life. He was forgiven, but he could not forget. Some scars may not be obliterated, some ruins may not be rebuilt.

Whosoever goes the world's way goes the wrong way. Evil runs in crowds, virtue walks apart. Follow fashion, follow folly. But "let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God for He will abundantly pardon."

Forgotten.

I asked of thee when thou didst start that day
Alone, yet brave, upon the star marked trail,
If possible thou wouldst come back to say
That life and love avail.

So here within the twilight hush I bow;
Heart wrung, I listen with strained, sharpened ear;
If thou art calling me, if thou art calling now,
I do not, can not hear.

Dear heart, and I forgotten in that land?
Or led the trail where fated waters flow?
Or is my sense too gross to understand?
Ah, shall I ever know?

—Nellie Richmond Eberhart, in the Smart Set.

Girl Fire Chief.

Popular Mechanics.

Port Tampa, Fla., is to be protected from fire by a brigade organized and trained by the daughter of the late chief of the Tampa Fire Department. This girl, Maggie Harris, is said to be the first girl in the United States, and probably in the world, to organize a fire department. About 40 men have agreed to serve under her direction. She is drilling them according to the rules and methods of her late father.

Robert the Devilled.

Hartford Courant.

If La Follette knows no more about reciprocity than he does about newspapers he ought to have a nurse instead of being in the United States senate. He would say, we suppose, that because newspapers print every detail about an earthquake catastrophe the newspapers were in favor of the earthquake. The newspapers are in favor of nothing when it is a question of decent news except to get the news; but of course with such weekly sheets as La Follette and Bryan print there is no question of news. Those sheets are merely phonographs designed and worked to make the voices of their owners carry further.

Varieties

A single grain of indigo will color a ton of water.

Roller skating is becoming a popular amusement in Roumania.

The German empire has 20 institutions for the care of cripples.

Hartford, Conn., uses more electricity per capita than any other city.

The Manila Railroad Co. will build a $150,000 hotel at Baguio.

Over $1,450,000 was deposited in the savings banks of England during 1910.

The duke of Saxe Meiningen, at 84, is the oldest sovereign in Europe.

London's alien population is increasing at a rate of more than 12,000 a year.

London's debt is now $555,000,000, which $2,100,000 was added during the last year.

Protests are going up in various parts of Kansas against fake "aviation meets."

All classes of fireworks are more commonly used in Mexico than in the United States.

The Chinese government is endeavoring to simplify and systematize the Celestial language.

There are 248 paupers to every 1,000 of the population of Great Britain and Ireland.

By the first of next year India will be making its own railroad rails instead of importing them.

An international manual has been prepared recently by the Chinese to facilitate translation.

Havre, France, is to be made one of the world's first ports by improvements costing $18,000,000.

A French savant has declared that he is satisfied that smoking has a serious effect on the hearing.

A collapsible boat, invented by a Frenchman, can be folded to carry in an ordinary suit case.

The governor of Porto Rico is going to introduce the growing of cotton in the western part of the island.

To keep a diner's fingers clean there has been invented a silver clip to hold and squeeze a slice of lemon.

A British automobile concern has built a truck and trailer especially for the transportation of aeroplanes.

India has a new factory law which limits adults' work to 12 hours and children's to six hours a day.

Before the day of the metal pen England annually was importing more than 25,000,000 quills for pens.

Investigations following the champagne riot of France reveal many gigantic frauds in the champagne industry.

Of the 4,300 known species of flowers only 420 have an agreeable perfume, the white and cream colored being the sweetest.

Vinegar and asafetida mixed were the chief and favorite cruet condiment on the tables of antiquity and of the middle ages.

It has been estimated that an average puff of smoke from a cigarette contains about four thousand millions of particles of dust.

The sea contains the most salt, generally speaking, at points where a strong wind is constantly blowing, such as the trade winds.

The season of navigation in Russia was exceptionally long during 1910, the ports of Cronstadt and St. Petersburg having been open 248 days.

Nineteen "diamonds" have been set apart in New York city's parks for the young ball players of the public schools during the vacation.

To secure Russian emigrants for Canada, the Canadian Pacific railway has opened emigration offices in Dalny and Harbin, Manchuria.

For polishing places on metal work not easily reached an emery cord has been devised, a strong thread being coated with finely powdered emery.

Solutions of starch will remove ink stains from fabrics, each application being allowed to dry until it can be brushed off before another is applied.

The value of the quill was discovered at an early date in the history of civilization, and its use spread from the east over Europe and then to the new world.

Seventy years with one firm was the record of an aged cloth worker who has just died at Trowbridge, Wilts. He began work when he was 8½ years old.

The highest price ever paid at a public auction for a woman's portrait in England was $72,500, which was the price of the portrait of Lady Louise Manners, sold in 1901.

But five large American cities, Chicago, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Louisville, require old wall paper to be removed from tenement houses before new is affixed.

A little lard oil rubbed on hardened and polished steel work which is to be drawn on a plat over an oven-forge fire, will prevent the smoke from obscuring the tempering color.

J. W. Alexander, chief engineer of the Oceanic, has recently retired, having during his service crossed the Atlantic 912 times and traveled no fewer than 3,000,000 miles at sea.

Far from scorning penniless immigrants, the Chilean government has renewed its offer to pay a sum equivalent to $15.44 in gold for every adult who comes to settle in that country.

Mrs. Medill McCormick, formerly Ruth Hanna, is passing much of her spare time and spending much money in arranging comfortable homes for the working girls of the national capital.

Consul Norton, of Malaga, says many Spanish cities have poorly furnished barber shops. One shop has some American reclining chairs, which were imported 10 years ago and are still regarded as curiosities.

Mrs. Taft's favorite book is Pride and Prejudice, by Jane Austen, and this fine old novel is the gift which she invariably makes to the daughters of her friends who are about to make their debut in society.

"Without meat there is no pleasure" is a very old saying. Maimonides talked of dishes good for the health. He recommended bread baked from fine wheat that is not too new, not too old, nor ground too fine.

"Say, conductor," aswed a woman on a Central Branch (Kas.) train, "what makes this train rattle so?" "Loose tires caused by the dry weather, but we're going to stop at the next station and have them set," was the reply.

Called to the bedside of a fond mother's baby boy the doctor diagnosed the ailment as acute rheumatism. The mother responded quickly: "Acute rheumatism. I might have known it; everything he does or says is just as cute."

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I exhausted medical books in a vain search for a cure. At last I discovered my own treatment, used it, and if an angel had come and carried me suddenly aloft I could not have been more surprised at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment not only actually cures, but cures permanently. I do not ask a cent. All you have to do is to send me your name and address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, Box 127, Adams, New York. Friends, I want to rescue you from those blood-curdling, "smothered-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove I can do it? Not only asthma but hay fever and bronchitis disappear gloriously by the use of the treatment. Write me today.

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SHIP'S OWN BLAST BLEW UP MAINE

Chief Engineer Finds That Inside Explosion Caused Destruction.

Washington, July 6.—An inside explosion, the blowing up of her three magazines, caused the destruction of the battleship Maine.

This is the statement of Gen. W. H. Bixby, chief of engineers, U. S. A., who has returned from an inspection of the work of raising the Maine.

He says that no such effect as has been found would have been caused by an outside explosion.

General Bixby said last night that a portion of the deck over the magazines was blown upward and laid backward and that there were numerous condition of the hulk as it lies in Havana harbor which proves this. No explosion from the outside, sa. the general, could have caused the same result.

"What the primary cause of the explosion was,' said General Bixby, "never will be learned."

General Bixby does not believe that the bodies of those who lost their lives will be found on the Maine. He says they are probably buried 200 feet or more from the wreck in the mud.

While inspecting the work General Bixby prodded around the bow of the vessel. He found by his soundings that at least two-thirds of the bow were absolutely wrecked.

The sides had been practically blown away and were buried in the mud. This, he said, showed conclusively that the wreck of the Maine was caused by an explosion within the vessel.

BOARD TO STUDY MAINE DISASTER

Naval Officers Bein Selected by the Department for the Work.

Washington, July 7.—While the statement of Brig. Gen. Bixby, of the engineer corps of the army that the Maine was destroyed by the explosions of its magazines is the view taken by naval officers, the latter are adverse to discussing it at this time.

Almost to a man the officials here believe the great damage to the ill-fated vessel was caused by the explosion of her own magazines, but that the magazines were set off by an exterior explosion. Any more than this these officers will not say.

Officers of the engineer corps of the army who have been in touch with the work of removing the Maine, are of the same opinion as is Gen. Bixby, that it will be impossible to tell what caused the internal explosion.

Board to Study Wreck.

A board of naval officers—experts in explosives—is being selected by the navy department to study the hull as the water is all pumped out of the cofferdam now surrounding the wreck.

Because of the necessarily slow progress of the work weeks probably will elapse before the experts will be able to inspect the keel of the former warship, but the board will proceed to Havana as soon as its personnel is made known and will remain with the work until it is finished.

Some navy department officers are convinced the examination will prove the correctness of the Sampson board which decided the blast which sunk the Maine was caused by a torpedo or mine, and that the explosion of the ship's magazines followed.

Bixby Issues Statement.

In view of the renewed interest attaching to the actual cause of the destruction of the Maine resulting from the uncovering of the wreck by the army engineers, Gen. W. H. Bixby, chief of engineers, who has just returned from Havana, today issued the following signed statement:

"The work of unwatering the Maine so far proves nothing as to the origin of the explosion of the magazines, but already shows such extensive destruction of the forward part of the boat that it is quite probable fuller unwatering will fail to give any proofs, either way, as to the origin of such explosions. I have so far made no reports or statements as to the origin of the explosion."

Removal Is Idea.

Of course, it may be possible that some definite clue as to the explosion of a submarine mine or some other outside agency may be found when the unwatering process has been completed, but Brigadier General Bixby does not take the view that the army engineers are pursuing their work in the expectation that something of this nature will turn up.

"Remove the wreck," is the watchword which is governing the work. If discoveries of interest are made in the process, so much the better, but getting the wreckage out of the harbor is the real work.

WOULD HONOR WASHINGTON

W. T. Stead Wants England to Erect Statue of Him.

London, July 6.—W. T. Stead, editor and author, presiding at the Fourth of July celebration at Browning Hall for the veterans of the civil war, said that to no man did the British Empire owe a greater debt than to George Washington, "the greatest Englishman of the eighteenth century."

Washington, said the speaker, had indirectly taught Great Britain how to maintain and extend the British Empire. "For these and other reasons," added Mr. Stead, "I hope that the signing of the Anglo-American arbitration treaty will be the signal for raising a subscription throughout the British Empire for the erection of a noble statue to George Washington, the unveiling of which is Westminster would be the most dramatic method of celebrating the completion of a hundred years' peace between the British and the American peoples."

UPHOLDS THE BLOODHOUNDS

Court Declares if Proved Accurate Dog's Evidence Enough.

Topeka, Kas., July 8.—The Kansas supreme court yesterday upheld the bloodhound as an agent of justice. If the hound has been proven accurate in following the trail of human footsteps, that evidence was enough, said the court, to convict.

TAFT DEFENDS PACT

Declares It Is in Keeping With McKinley's Last Words on Reciprocity.

Indianapolis, July 5.—President Taft, in a speech at the Marion club banquet last night, made an earnest plea for reciprocity, which he said was good Republicanism. He said in part:

"I have had occasion elsewhere to say that the three subjects in which I have recently been most greatly interested are not party issues. Certainly this is true of universal arbitration and of the plan of the monetary commission for the reform of our currency and banking systems. With respect to reciprocity, however, I find that there is a disposition by some Republicans to dispute the proposition that Republicans can consistently support the adoption of the present agreement made for this purpose with the Canadian government.

"It is said that this kind of reciprocity is not Republican reciprocity. It is said that this reciprocity covers competitive products of each country and that the reciprocity of former Republican leaders was intended to include only a lowering or abolition of duties on products of other countries which did not compete with products of this country.

Republican Doctrine, Says Taft.

"The Republican party in its last national platform declared in favor of tariff duties which would measure only the difference in the cost of production of articles here and of articles abroad. In other words, the sound Republican doctrine has become the imposition of duties only where the conditions are naturally unequal, and where duties are necessary in order to enable our manufacturers and other producers to meet on a level the competition of foreign producers. The Canadian reciprocity agreement which has been made squares exactly with this doctrine.

"The contention that reciprocity was never advocated by Republican leaders so as to include competing products is refuted by the record of history.

"If you will read the last speech of McKinley, you will see that he speaks in this connection of duties which have become unnecessary, and that might well be abolished. By that he meant duties which could be taken off of commodities, foreign competition in which we could safely meet in our own markets.

Denies Farmers Lose.

"It is said that this Canadian reciprocity agreement is made wholly at the expense of the farmers, and only in the interest of those who would have farm products at a less price, to wit, the wage earners of the large cities. It is my own judgment that the reciprocity agreement will not greatly reduce the cost of living, if at all.

"The truth is that when the complaint is made on behalf of the farmer and is analyzed it will be found to be limited to an argument that by the admission of free wheat into the United States the price of wheat will be reduced 10 cents a bushel. The answer to the argument is that this cannot be, for the reason that the price of wheat in the United States and Canada both is ultimately fixed by the price of wheat in the world, and that the world's price is adjusted and made at Liverpool by the relation of the supply of the exported wheat to the demand for it by countries which do not raise enough to supply their people.

Lifts Burden From People.

"The present treaty looks to relieving the business of the United States with Canada by lifting a burden of nearly $4,000,000 as a customs tax on our exports to Canada and a consequent great increase in those exports. It looks to the introduction of products which we need in this country. It will add greatly to the prosperity and growth of Canada, and, as Canada grows, her consuming power becomes greater and our trade with her will necessarily increase. Such a result by such a method under such conditions is according to good Republican doctrine and I urgently ask the support of an intelligent, progressive organization like this in aligning the whole Republican party in its support."

MEN ARE NOT EQUAL

President Emeritus, of Harvard, Calls Declaration of Independence Untrue.

Boston, July 5.—Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard university, delivered a remarkable oration at the patriotic exercises in Faneuil hall yesterday. He declared that all men are not created equal nor have they any inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Dr. Eliot reviewed the Declaration of Independence, saying:

"The Declaration of Independence made some general affirmations which were not of English origin and have never been universally accepted by political philosophers, but which nevertheless have had great influence on the policies and aspirations of the people of the United States.

"The statement that all men are created equal is manifestly not true in every sense. Men are not born equal in capacities, powers, or dispositions, and under a regime of liberty the inborn diversities of capacity and character in different individuals increase as life goes on and inevitably produce great inequalities in regard to property and general conditions of life.

Says Rights Are Alienable.

"Neither have all men any 'inalienable rights' to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We and all preceding generations have constantly seen men deprived of liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and even of life. Any rights of that sort with which men have been endowed by nature are clearly alienable in practice.

"Moreover, we Americans have often been in doubt whether government really does derive its powers from the consent of the governed; for we have seen in power minority governments as results of elections, and also governments under elective forms which were really governments by force.

"We ourselves at this moment are governing the Filipinos without their consent.

"New interference with the 'inalienable rights' of man—with his liberty and pursuit of happiness—is industrial government which now affects the daily lives of men and women more immediately and intensely than political government does.

"This industrial government is an outcome of the factory system and of the freedom of association secured since the middle of the last century alike for employers and employed. It is a strong control which is the result of a new sort of freedom.

"Its great power is derived from capital amassed in amounts which equal the capitalized income of many political governments, such as the American states and cities, and placed in the hands of a few managers or rulers who are generally able and experienced men serving for long terms.

"If a new declaration of independence were written today it would deal chiefly with social and industrial rights. The extraordinary dependence of each individual on many other individuals which modern means of transportation have developed throughout society, did not exist in 1776, and the collective action of the community which now so frequently overrides individual rights had not yet been imagined.

His View of Independence Day.

"The Fourth of July should always be called Independence day, for it commemorates a bold public act by competent representatives of a people extraordinarily independent in their habits of thought and life. They never indulged, however, in the foolish rudeness which later has often found expression in the phrase 'I'm as good as you.' That was not their kind of independence.

"How different is the situation of the American people today. Dependence on wages or salaries is the rule instead of the exception.

"The huge monopolistic industrial combinations, the combinations among financial institutions, which put great masses of capital within the control of a few persons, and the large retail establishments, in which captains are few and subordinates many, all tend to diminish the personal independence of the average man or woman."

AT 70 THEY FLEE TO WED

Champion Chess Player and Widow Gives Relatives Slip.

Pittsfield, Mass., July 8.—Augustus G. Grimes, champion chess player of the Berkshires, and Mrs. Ruth Victorine Ballantine, each more than 70 years of age, took a train at half-past four o'clock this morning for Keene, N. H., to be married.

PLANS TRIP ACROSS SEA IN 50-FOOT MOTOR BOAT

New York, July 8.—To adventure! To escape the humdrum! To risk his life in a venture that is one-half folly and the other half luck, just because he isn't geared right to stay at home. That is why Captain John Weller, 48 years old and sound, barring a bullet wound, will sail from New York on July 15 to cross the Atlantic in a motor boat. There is no other possible reason, except that he had rather take a chance with his life—and perhaps lose—than stay at home in profitable safety. He can't possibly make enough money on the trip to pay his costs. He isn't advertising anything. He has merely discovered something that no one has done before, and he is going to try to do it. He excuses himself to himself by certain fine-drawn theories as to the service he will do the world by proving the all-around usefulness of the gasoline engine, but that isn't why he is going on this trip.

Weller is a little, wire-drawn, blonde mustached German, full of energy. He has a wharf on the banks of the Hackensack, not far from Carlstadt, New Jersey, where he and his son and various workmen are quite happy with motors and boats and other mechanical devices all day long. For 23 years he has worked hard, nights and Sundays, until he has accumulated enough to permit him to go on this gasoline cruise. So confident is he that the voyage itself offers no particular danger—hardly a hardship—that he has included his 20-year-old son in the crew of the Romania, the motor yacht that is to carry them across the sea. "My wife? Yes, she says nothing that I go on this trip," said Capt. Weller. "She thinks it is all right. Just nodding at all."

Comprehensive Plan.

Sailing from the port of New York on July 15, he will go by easy stages to St. Johns, Newfoundland. There he will give the tanks of the Romania their final filling with oil and water, lay in the last supply of food, and head directly across the sea for Queenstown, 1,700 miles away. Arriving there safely, he will visit London, make a call at the Isle of Man—whence his mate and navigator, Capt. Small, sailed not long ago in a 45 foot yawl for New York—and will then plug away for Ostend and Antwerp. From here he plans to tour through the very heart of German, for he will go by the inside route through the Shelda and reach the river Rhine through a channel. He will go up the Rhine until he reaches another channel, which gives access to the river Wesel, and thence north to Bremerhaven on the North Sea. He will then be 72 miles from Cookshaven, and he will take his boat there, and then to Hamburg, where he will store it, visit his brother, a well known musician in Germany, and return to the United States by steamer. "It will be too late to return by the launch when I get to Cookshaven," he explained. "Maybe I will sell it there. If not, I will go back for it next year and bring it home."

That is a fairly ambitious programma, when one considers that the Romania is but 50 feet long, with 12 foot beam. Her greatest draft is but four feet. Forward she has a freeboard of six feet, while aft the members of her crew may sit on her deck and dangle their feet in the water, if they are so inclined. Inside she will be fitted from keel to deckplanks with gasoline and other supplies needed for the trip. Her crew will consist of five men, and one of them must necessarily remain on watch, because there is no bunk for him to rest in. Not more than four men may sleep at a time on board.

Not Afraid of Storms.

"Storms?" he reprieved with a laugh "What storm can hurt the Romania? Big waves she rides like a chip does a bucket of water. The same big waves would curl over the deck of a liner. Not many people know that the biggest wave of the sea is not more than eight feet high. The Romania just goes up toward the sky on such a wave. Poof! We may have to set the leg of muttom sail to steady her, but we can not be in danger."

On her forward deck the Romania carries a single mast, stepped through the deck, on which is mounted a leg of mutton sail, containing 108 square feet. Aft is another mast for signal purposes only. A sea ancher will be carried, for use in a storm forces Capt. Weller to heave to and ride out the gale. On the deck a little dingy is lashed, for visiting purposes when in port. A life raft of galvanized iron will be taken, in case disaster overtakes the little venture when upon the high seas. But Capt. Weller does not think this latter precaution is needed. "If she strains herself, and begins to make water so that we can not pump her out fast enough,' he explained. "and we can not stop the leak, then we can take the engine apart and throw it overboard. The rest of the boat is all wooden and would float, especially if we blew the gasoline out of the tanks and let them fill with air."

It may be assumed that at the very last the financial aspects of the voyage are beginning to give the hardy little adventurer something to think about. He isn't a rich man. Not long ago a venture as a plumber in Paterson cost him a good part of his savings, and, although he has done well as a boat builder, he estimates the cost of the Romania, apart from the value of his own labor, at $5,000. To this must be added the cost of provisioning her for five men for a voyage of possibly two months' duration, of the 1,500 gallons of gasoline her tanks must hold before he sets sail, and of the thousand and one unanticipated incidents that must be procured at the last second. And still he doesn't worry. "I can pay," he declares. "I don't care for money. If I had a million dollars I would spend it all. I like to enjoy myself and do something that no one has ever done before."

Description of Boat.

The Romania herself is of the simplest and strongest possible construction. Two hatchways, one forward and one aft, give entrance to the cabin from the 32-foot forward deck, which forms the roof of the cabin. In the eyes of the boat, beneath a triangular compartment for storage purposes, is the water tank for fresh water. Then comes a commodious galley and eating saloon, which is equipped with a compressed air kerosene stove, a three-way pump, from which may be drawn fresh water, sea water or hot water, lookers for stores and dishes and the usual raffle of a yacht. Right amidships is the engineroom. A thirty-seven and one-half horse-power motor is depended on to drive the Romania at an average of ten miles an hour. Over the engine room is the pilot house, which projects 14 inches above the deck, and is fitted with small brassrimmed portholes on all four sides. The helmsman will direct the course from within the pilot house in bad weather, but will ordinarily steer from on deck. The engine controls are handy to his right side. Aft is the living room, fitted with four Pullman bunks and literally lined with gasoline tanks. Last of all comes a tiny after deck, about big enough for two lovers in deck chairs.

"I firmly believe that our voyage will be an absolutely safe one," said Captain Weller. "If it is as successful as I hope, it may be that next summer I will be taking parties over. I am carrying duplicate parts for the engine, with the exception of the propeller and shaft. We could not replace those at sea if they were to break down. In bad weather we will hoist our leg-of-mutton sail or lie behind our sea anchor. We do not expect to use the sail as an auxiliary, but only as a precaution. Nor will I try to run the engine during a blow. We could make no time, and would only be taking a chance on doing some damage. We have plenty of food, plenty of water, plenty of gasoline, and as I have said, I do not think that any storm can ever damage the Romania, unless she should strain herself. Against that possibility we have the life raft. We will follow the sea lane across to Queenstown, so that if an accident should happen, we are certain of being picked up within a reasonable time. I figure that I can do the seventeen hundred miles from St. Johns to Queenstown in less than seven days. Double that, and we still have the reserve supply of everything we need."

What pleases Capt. Weller the most, down in his heart, is that his venture is attracting great attention in Germany. Not long ago he was sent a clipping by the editor of a paper in his birthplace, in which, to translate accurate German into the Yankee vernacular, the prophecy was made that "a good German will that bluff Wellman up-show."

FIND FARM WORKERS

Bureau to Supply Them From Ranks of Unemployed in Big Cities.

Columbus, July 8.—The state of Ohio is going to solve the hired man problem of farmers and the problem of the unemployed of cities by establishing a "farm labor bureau."

Secretary A. P. Sandles, of the state board of agriculture, has announced the plan as approved by Governor Harmon and authorized by the board. Its operation, he says, will mean more farm labor, increased farm production and consequent lower prices of farm products. Not only will it solve the hired man and the unemployed problem, but also the problem of the high cost of living and the foreign immigration problem he thinks.

"Throughout Ohio there is a universal demand for farm labor," said Secretary Sandles in announcing the project. "Thousands of farmers are demanding help and can't get it. In the big cities there are thousands of unemployed men who want work, but don't know how to get it. Our farm labor bureau will get the men and the work together."

In establishing and operating the bureau, Secretary Sandles has been promised the co-operation of the United States government. Secretary Nagel, of the department of commerce and labor, has sent J. I. McGrew from Washington as a special agent to help get the bureau started. About all the equipment required is postage, armers are mailed blanks upon which to make request for farm hands through the state bureau.

The manager of the state bureau will forward these requests for labor to immigration inspectors in Cleveland, Cincinnati and New York. There, from information already gathered and classified, the men to fit the jobs will be selected.

EXPLOSION KILLS A DOZEN

Sulina, Roumania, July 8.—As an attempt was being made to refloat the stranded steamer Queen Borough today the boiler exploded, killing 12 persons and wounding four others.

MYSTERY HIDES IN LOST LETTERS

Stokes Case Rather in the Air Because Real Hot Notes Are Lost.

New York, July 8.—It's what hasn't been read in court rather than what has that's bothering everybody in the Stokes shooting case now.

Stokes was shot by two girls when he went to their apartments to get some letters he had written to one of them—Lillian Graham, a show girl. The letters which have been read in court are not of a sort to do particular damage to Stokes or anyone.

But there are nine letters which can't be found.

"These letters are a scream," says Miss Graham. "Believe me I'm going to use them when I get out of court."

It appears by the evidence that a detective in Stoke's employ secured the nine letters from the girl's room. Anyway they haven't got to court.

The prologue of the case approached its end today with the third session of the Tombs court which will decide whether Miss Lillian Graham and Miss Ethel Conrad shall be held for the grand jury on the charge of trying to murder the wealthy hotel man. Unless the defense succeeds in finding some of the missing letters it is expected to close its case with the testimony of the elevator boy at the apartment house where the two girls admit they filled Mr. Stokes' legs full of bullets when he called.

Where Is Countess?

At one time during Stokes' testimony it was thought that something would be learned about the mysterious countess who had figured in the trial the day before, as Stokes acknowledged that he had been awake last night thinking about her. However, he was still unable to recall the name of the noble lady who came to this country, so far as has been shown, for no other purpose than to disclose the secrets of Miss Graham's life in Europe. He did recall, however, that she was here six months ago, instead of two years, the time he set Thursday.

Stokes told the story of a visit Miss Conrad had made to him at the Ansonia, May 21 last, which was the first time the letters were brought to his notice.

"She told me," Stokes said, "she had been out to dinner the night before. She had met Miss Graham, she said, at the dinner and the young lady was in distressed circumstance with little money and no clothing and she had taken her home to her rooms.

Tells of Suicide Attempt.

"'When I went out this morning to business,' Miss Conrad said, 'I left Miss Graham in bed behind me. I returned to the apartment for some article, and when I got back, I was shocked to find a note on the table, saying that Miss Graham had committed suicide.' Then she went through the flat and in the bedroom she found Miss Graham in bed with her mouth and face all burned with carbolic acid.

"Then in the parlor she found another note and a package of letters written to Miss Graham by me and other men. She read the note, she told me, and then the package of letters and decided that Miss Graham was not a good girl from the letters which had been written to her by men, and that was why she was so wrought up.

"There was a time when you thought a great deal of Miss Graham, was there not?" asked Moore.

"There was," assented Stokes.

"Did you every make love to her?"

"I did not."

Then Moore read from one of the letters which Stokes had written Miss Graham the line, "The most crushing part to me is that you say you gave your love to Clarence." There was a long discussion here between the attorneys and finally Magistrate Freschi ruled that the letter be not admitted at this point.

"What were your intentions towards her?" continued Moore.

"To be polite to her," answered Stokes.

TO SHOW TOGO ALL WE'VE GOT

New York Secrets Will Be Shown Japanese Hero.

Washington, July 6.—The Japanese naval hero, Admiral Togo, will have no difficulty in viewing everything he cares to see in the New York navy yard, or, indeed, in any other part of the naval establishment.

Although a regulation of long standing prohibits the exhibition to foreign visitors of any of the construction in the navy yards, this will be gladly suspended by the navy department for the benefit of Admiral Togo. It is expected he will board the giant battleship Florida, now nearing completion in the New York navy yard.

WRONG SORT

Perhaps Plain Old Meat, Potatoes and Bread may Be Against You for a Time.

A change to the right kind if food can lift one from a sick bed. A lady in Welden, Ill., says:

"Last spring I became bed-fast with severe stomach trouble accompanied by a sick headache. I got worse and worse until I became so low I could scarcely retain any food at all, although I tried about every kind.

"I had become completely discouraged and given up all hope and thought I was doomed to starve to death, until one day my husband, trying to find something I could retain, brought home some Grape-Nuts.

"To my surprise the food agreed with me, digested perfectly and without distress. I began to gain strength at once. My flesh (which had been flabby) grew firmer, my health improved in every way and every day, and in a very few weeks I gained 20 pounds in weight.

"I liked Grape-Nuts so well that for four months I ate no other food, and always felt as well saatisfied after eating as if I had sat down to a fine banquet.

"I had no return of the miserable sick stomach nor of the headaches that I used to have when I ate other food. I am now a well woman, doing all my own work again, and feel that life is worth living.

"Grape-Nuts food has been a Godsend to my family; it surely saved my life; and my two little boys have thriven on it wonderfully." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE—"Investing for Profit" Magazine. Send me your name, and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere, get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5.00 or more per month. Tell you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000. How to judge different classes of investments, the real power of our money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R-407, 28 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

MANUFACTURING SECRET—Process killing rats, mice and roaches; non-poisonous; devour readily, die out house. Start good, profitable business, putting up and selling—beats any rat paste on market: 10c makes $1 worth. Receipt sent, $1. Dolan Mfg. Co., (Box 13), Hazel Green, Ky.

MALE HELP WANTED.

LEARN to write advertisements while employed, earn $25 to $100 a week. Write for free prospectus. Page-Davis Co., 13 Page Bldg., Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPORTING GOODS, Books, Cards, Dice, Etc. Catalog Free. D. S. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

AGENTS.

AGENTS wanted; selling Masonic, I. O. O. F., Imp. O. R. M., Grange, K. of P. charts. Write quick for particulars. Size 22x28 inches. Empire, Stonington, Maine.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

80-ACRE farms at Guyzie, on the A. B. & A. R. R., heart of the wiregrass, $750 each; easy terms. The Atlanta Realty Owners, 1012 Empire Life Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

PERSONAL.

LADIES— When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only $3.00 for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a Quarter Million Homes, from Maine to California, and before over a Million Readers every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

YOU'RE ELECTED, KAISER SAID

Thereupon J. P. Morgan Becomes Yacht Club Member.

Berlin, July 10.—Berlin court society is much exercised, according to Der Roland, by Emperor William brusquely overriding the rules of the Imperial Yacht club in order to get J. Pierpont Morgan elected a member without the customary formalities. Usually when a member is proposed he has to be recommended by two members in addition to the one who proposes him. Then the name is bulletined for several weeks at the admiralty in Berlin, in the yacht club at Kiel and in the Casino of the First regiment of footguards at Potsdam. One black ball excludes.

Instead of following this method Emperor William marched into the yacht club one day, found a number of members present and called out to them:

"We have a new member, Mr. Pierpont Morgan of New York."

This and the other attentions paid to Mr. Morgan appear to have caused considerable annoyance to Prussia's exlusive aristocracy.

WEARING "WINGS," DROWNED

Wings Slip to Feet, Overbalancing Chicago Grain Man.

Chicago, July 10.—Playing in the lake while his wife and son looked on from the veranda of the Hotel Moraine at Highland Park, James Pettit, president of the Peavey Grain company, was drowned in four feet of water at the hotel swimming beach yeseterday.

Laughter of the wife and son at the antics of the husband and father was turned to horror when he was seen to disappear beneath the surface of the water. His swimming "wings,' slipped to his feet, thus overbalancing him.

A warning cry from Mr. Pettit's chauffeur, George Lafond, who saw his employer's plight, was the first intimation that the water frolic had developed into a tragedy.

The cry attracted the attention of Mrs. Pettit, who ran to the water's edge, closely followed by her 10 year old son. By the time they reached the beach the body had disappared beneath the surface.

HOUSE OF LORDS NEAR SUICIDE

Peers Enough to Pass Veto Bill Likely to Be Created.

London, July 8.—Talk of compromise on the constitutional question is filling the air today. The Unionist newspapers, at the eleventh hour, recognize that the king has no alternative but to create sufficient peers to carry the veto bill if the premier so recommends, and say therefore that the house of lords will commit political suicide if it compels the government to take that course.

MRS. YOUNG OUT OF RACE

Refuses to Run Second Time for President of National Ass'n.

San Francisco, July 7.—Positive announcement that she would not be a candidate for re-election was made last night by Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, of Chicago, president of the National Education association, who arrived today for the convention which opens tonight.

An unwritten law of the association is said to prohibit second terms, but friends of the incumbent, representing what is termed the progressive element, are urging Mrs. Young to stand for re-election, as they have not been able to agree on a candidate to succeed her.

IN BARBARIC PARADE

Vardaman, Senate Candidate, Drives 160 Oxen.

Meridian, Miss., July 8.—"The scene has not a duplicate in the history of the south," is the manner in which yesterday's pageant is described, in which ex-Governor Vardaman's chariot was drawn by 160 oxen.

Vardaman has been touring Mississippi in his candidacy for the United States senate. The campaign has been bitter. Fights and shootings have occurred, but the demonstration here eclipsed everything. Five brass bands, blaring independently of each other, could scarcely be heard, and a hundred prominent citizens rode horseback. Then came the Vardaman "car." The great string of animals, all white, carried white streamers bearing the legend: "Vote for the White Chief and uphold the White South." On the back of each ox was a man shrouded in white. At each animal's head walked a white-clad torch-bearer. The candidate was in immaculate white linen and carried a big white hat and repeatedly waved it. The most barbaric spectacle of all was the crowd which swarmed after the float. Men threw away hats, umbrellas and canes and fought each other with fists to step up and place hands upon the wagon.

UNVEIL MacGAHAN MEMORIAL

Tribute Is Paid to "Liberator" of Bulgarians.

New Lexington, July 5.—A monument to the memory of J. A. MacGahan, an American journalist, whom the Bulgarians call their "Liberator," was unveiled here today.

MacGahan distinguished himself as a newspaper correspondent in the Russo-Turkish war, one of the results of which was the liberation of Bulgaria from the Turkish rule. MacGahan worked in this behalf in conjunction with Archibald Forbes in rousing Europe to the point of putting an end to the Bulgarian atrocities.

Almost a generation ago the remains of MacGahan were brought back from Constantinople on a man-of- war at the request of the governor of Ohio and the legislature and was accorded a state funeral here.

J. A. MacGahan was a brother of the late P. A. MacGahan, who for many years was a prominent lawyer in Toledo.

Rub That Fat Away!

PROOF SAMPLE FREE

If you are a victim of Obesity, send us $1.00 for a jar of "FATAWAY," and begin right away to free yourself from the distressing embarrassments of excessive fat.

If "FATAWAY" fails to do the work, you are out nothing, as we will refund your money. "FATAWAY" can be safely guaranteed, because it acts on a new principle entirely different from the dangerous, weakening internal treatments that injure your system. "FATAWAY" is a specially prepared, scientific external treatment that works directly on the fatty accumulation through the pores, drawing out and absorbing it in a way that is effective while absolutely non-injurious.

No matter what your past experience has been—if you want to get rid of your excess fat safely, naturally and healthfully, just rub it away with "FATAWAY." Our money-back guarantee protects you fully, yet if you prefer to test "FATAWAY" before buying, mail your name and address on Coupon for Free Proof Sample.

Free "Fataway" Coupon
THE ABSORBO COMPANY
523 Pauline Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me Absolutely FREE, a trial sample of "FATAWAY."
Name.....
Address.....

ECZEMA

Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and I say cured, I mean just what I say CURED, and not merely patched up for a while, to return worse than before. Remember I make this broad statement after putting ten years of my time on this one disease and reading in the meantime a quarter of a million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Carnaday, 1449 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.
References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.
Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

The Peace Page.

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES

THE BLADE BOOK

By BLADE WRITERS

THE weather having been some warm in Toledo during the past week, and then some more warm, the picnic Mary Cassidy was planning has not yet come off. It will, one of these days, and when it does, Ann Donovan will be the good old girl to tell about it.

While it was so warm, Mary Cassidy took to sewing, "her bein' a worthy woman." You know how it is yourself, you women folks, when you do all of your own work and the family sewing besides. Mary was much engaged in making gingham rompers for Dennis, her youngest, though, to tell the truth and in the words of Mary Cassidy, during the he't up spell, her youngest was clothed chiefly in his "swate innocence."

What I started out to say, is this: Homesteading is a phase of American life which has not yet been described in THE BLADE BOOK, and, as it is American life in its various phases which The Blade Book is picturing, here is where a story of HOMESTEADING ON THE SAGE BRUSH PLAINS comes out in print. The story is written in homefolks' style, and that is what we of the PEACE PAGE are —HOME FOLKS.

The one who has been kind enough to write this letter signs herself TOT of OREGON, so that is the name which must be used, though I shall tell this much, right out in Grange meeting, she lives in Hardman.

Now comes the letter and the 11th Chapter of The Blade Book:

Dear Blade—We have taken The Blade nearly two years, and, as I have not seen any letters from this part of the country, I thought I would write and tell you something about Homesteading on the sage brush plains.

No doubt, many of you have heard of the Horse Heaven country in the southeastern part of Washington, just north of the Columbia river. My husband filed on his homestead about a year and a half before we were married. As there were good wages and a few other attractions down in Oregon, he used to work there about six months of the year, and then go back on his homestead and grub sage brush with a mattock; pile with a pitch fork and burn after night.

After we were married, the time soon rolled around for us to start for the homestead. We loaded our belongings in the hack and started. It was the first time I had ever been away from my mother, so you may guess my feelings at leaving home, but, knowing I had a good, kind husband, I turned my thoughts to the new life I was entering. It took us four days to make the trip. The third day we crossed the Columbia river on a ferry boat, run by horse-power. The horse went round and round on the floor of the boat, but it did not take long to cross. We camped just on the Washington side, in an old shed, which the wind had filled half full of sand. We cooked our supper on an old stove that did more smoking than anything else. It was my first experience in cooking with sage brush, and it smelled very rank and Indian-like, but we were hungry and ate a hearty supper.

The next morning, about two o'clock, I awoke with a start to find myself all alone in the old shed. I sat up and looked around. The horses were gone, but in a few minutes I could see the man leading them up from the river, where he had taken them for a drink. Do I hear some one say, "sh is stretching that a little, to water horses at two o'clock in the morning!"

Well, it is true. We had to start at two, in order to reach water at noon. As the country runs very dry, water has to be hauled in a tank for miles. In some places, money cannot buy it. We were not long in getting ready to start. I never shall forget how bright the moon and stars were. The yell of the coyotes, so early in the morning made me shiver. We went up hill and down hill, in pure sand and over sage brush, until I began to think we would soon reach the jumping-off place. Finally, the sun rose in all its splendor. We camped for breakfast. The horses ate their oats without water. All we could see was one sand hill after another and big sage brush. Now and then, a shy coyote would dodge behind a sage brush. After going several miles we would come to a lowly, lonely cabin, with one door and a very little window. These cabins were several miles apart and looked very lonely to me. We reached our homestead that day, about an hour after dark. My husband unlocked the door and invited me in. He lighted the lamp. Oh, how different it was from what I had expected to find it! There was a carpet on the floor and pictures on the wall. It seemed so restful after the long ride.

We had bad luck the third day after we were there. One of the horses died, so we sold the other and had our neighbor seed to wheat the fifty acres my husband had cleared. He went to work again, grubbing and piling brush by day, and burning it at night. He piled the brush like shocks of hay and set fire to them. I very much enjoyed seeing the many fires on a dark night; they were so bright. Sometimes I would help.

In March, the days were so fine and warm, we thought we would make a little garden. It had just taken root when a terrific wind sprang up. It lasted for three days and nights. It was a funny sight. The peas and onions were frozen and sitting along in the rows, as naked as the day they were put there. We planted again, but the country being so new, the jack rabbits took it all.

I could tell you so much more, but will close, as I guess I have already worn out our dear editor's patience. I want to say that my husband bought a little pony that summer, and an old Yakima squaw came along and stole him, so we were left afoot.

I wish you all success and happiness.—Tot of Oregon.

P. S.—Dear Elizabeth: I do not know whether you can read this or not. I have three very small boys who helped to write it, so I hope you will excuse mistakes.

You see I did read your letter and it did not make me tired. Here's hoping you will write some more of the same kind.—Elizabeth.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Jane Jones said to me: "I've took notice, that folks which is slow to wrath, is some exciting when they get madded by irritating particklars. The tew an' fuss they kin kick up,once they git a-goin', is some disturbin' to caalm feelin's."

Morning thought for the canning season: Though you must get red in the face, there is no excuse in getting red-headed in temper. Remember, you are putting up sweet things, and spicy pickles to help make the family happy. In some homes, it is as dangerous to be safe in the canning season as it is when housecleaning is disturbing the peace.

You do not know enogh to control your children until you know enough to control yourself.

Human beings who have not been "formally introduced" to one another, are much like dogs who are strange to each other. They may not growl, but frequently they act as if the other fellow were a suspicious character. What for?

There are many laws which are unwriten. These laws are the most dangerous ones to break. From certain punishment, there is no appeal, no escape. The bitter medicine must be taken. Man-made laws may give you release, but in some way you are a slave and a prisoner, if you break the laws which are unwritten.

There is no merit in being good for the sake of a possible reward in the here, or in the hereafter. Cultivate the habit of being good, because it is good to be good.

It is yourself you first have to make good, not your neighbor.

It is a foolish thing to write a fault-finding, or angry letter. Like creates like. You may enforce submission, but you will not win either love or loyalty. These are treasures worth having.

I would far rather believe all men and women are good than that all men and women are bad.

The only way to have public peace is to have peace in the home. Bad-tempered fathers and mothers have sent many a son and daughter astray.

It is the sign of a happy family when its members get together to talk things over in peace and amity.

"Learn to live, live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn."

HIS CONCLUSION.

Here is a story contributed by one who has been with us for fifty years and is still one of our readers. His letter included reminiscences of Nasby's day, and he signs himself "From the Old Crank of Crankdom. Crankdom is just across the street from Bascom's old store and postoffice, on the cross roads in the state of Kentucky."

This is the story:

There was once a foolish fellow, whose mother had company and they all were given to talking scandal. After listening a long while, he said: "I got a conclusion."

His mother asked, "John, what is your conclusion?"

He answered, "My conclusion is, that some darned thing ails everybody."

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO.

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

"DELIGHTED"

Dear Blade—I have not seen The Blade for some time. My old-time love is revived. I am visiting in Ohio ad am in the midst of several club raisers. I think I shall join them in raising clubs in Pennsylvania—my native state.

I am delighted with the Merry-Go-Round, especially with the career of Florida Old Man. He has a great romance. One of 20 years. Is there not another like him? He is a lover of Florida also. I have spent all my winters in Florida for more than a score of years, but have not been so fortunate as he in finding a traveling companion. Hope I may find one as he did.—M. Rose, Pennsylvania.

"Faint heart never won fair lady."—Elizabeth.

ARE YOU BOYS?

Dear M. G. R.'s—I have listened long to the music of the M. G. R., but never have taken the opportunity to join in. I will not describe myself, as my appearance is of no general interest to the public, but I will describe our beautiful country. The forests are dressed in their robes of emerald green. The flowers are out in all their splendor and the beautiful wheat and clover fields resemble velvet carpets.

The robins, redbirds and other birds, even the whip-poor-wills are sending forth their music for those that are not too busy to listen. The country is rolling here, but a few miles away is prairie or level land, and a few miles from here in the opposite direction is the highest point in the state. I am a country girl for the present, as you can tell by my letter. Are you boys trying to turn the M. G. R. into a matrimonial bureau? Take my advice, boys, and do not do it. The girls that answer your letters may not be the kind you would choose for wives. Hunt around yourselves and not go to the papers for help. What are your favorite flowers, dear people? Mine is the rose. I guess it must be, because 21 years ago I opened my eyes to the world in rose time and I have loved them ever since.

Blue Rose, I planted a rose bush this spring and it is to be blue. I hope in another year, to see some blue roses. I like to read good literature, and I love music. My piano

COG WHEEL ENGINE, CLIMBING PIKE'S PEAK.
Sent by E. J. Shapnack, Fowler, Colorado.

is a great comfort and friend when I get lonesome. I must not stay too long or you will send me home. With best wishes for all, I am,—Buckeye Brown Eye, May 24.

BOOKS ARE FRIENDS.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you admit a girl from Virginia into your merry circle? I have been a silent reader of The Blade for a long time and it is impossible to say how much comfort and pleasure I receive from reading the Peace Page. I live in Westmoreland county, Virginia. Stratford Hall, the birthplace of Robert E. Lee, beautifully situated on the Potomac river, is only about two and a half miles from where I live. Wakefield, the birthplace of George Washington, is not far from my home.

I wonder how many of the M. G. R.'s love to read. I do for one. When I have a hard day's work to do, it always makes me work faster if I have a nice book put away waiting to be read after I have finished my work. How authentic these words are: "Books are friends," and what friends they are! Their love never changes; their patience never fails; their sympathy is without selfishness; their gentleness never ends. They welcome you when you are happy, and never turn from you in distress."

I should like to meet each member of the M. G. R.'s, face to face, but as that is impossible, I shall have to content myself in reading their letters printed in The Blade. With best wishes for all, I am Muemosyne from Virginia.

Make friends with books, my dear, but more than all else, make friends with human beings, if you would know the fulness of life.—Elizabeth.

TAKE NOTICE

All letters for this department should have Peace Page written on the envelope.

POETS' CORNER

DIXIE LAND.

By Daniel Emmett.

The author of this song, was a minstrel man, who was at the height of his popularity in war times. Wishing a new song, upon one occasion, he composed the words and music to Dixie Land, writing them by what is called the "dashing off" process. The song follows:

I wish I was in de land oh cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! look away! look away!
Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land
Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat, or a little fatter,
Look away! look away! look away!
Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! look away! look away!
Dixie Land.

Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie Land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! look away! look away!
Dixie Land.

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Horray! hooray!
In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand,
To lib' an' die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

LET ERIN REMEMBER.

Irish Folksong, by Thomas Moore.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless ones betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from the proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the em'rald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall mem'ry often in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of time,
For the long faded glories they cover.

Malachi was an Irish monarch of the 10th century, who fought successfully the invading Danes.

Red Branch Knights were an ancient Irish order of chivalry.

Lough Neagh is a lake in northern Ireland, pronounced "lok nay."

MY HEART'S TONIGHT IN TEXAS.

(Author Unknown.)

In the distant state of Texas,
By the silvery Rio Grande,
A couple strolled one evening,
Two sweethearts hand in hand.
'Twas the ranchman's pretty daughter,
And the lad she loved so dear;
On the morrow they must be parted,
For many a year.
So she went away next morning,
But her heart was true to Jack,
One day a letter came and thus it read:

CHORUS.

My heart's tonight in Texas,
Though I'm far across the sea,
The band is playing Dixie,
And its there I'd love to be.
Dad says some earl I'll marry,
But you shall have my hand,
For my heart's tonight in Texas,
By the silvery Rio Grande.

At a stately ball in England,
Stood this Texas lass one night,
The scene was one of splendor,
The lights were sparkling bright;
An earl knelt there before her,
Asking her to take his hand,
But her thoughts were by
The silvery Rio Grande.
"I cannot say yes," she answered,
"For I promised long ago,
That an honest Yankee boy some day I'd wed,
So I cannot take your title,
For I'd rather have my Jack,
"Twas only yesterday I wrote and said:

CHORUS.

My heart's tonight in Texas, etc.

OLD HYMMN.

(Author Unknown.)

From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

My friends are so dear unto me;
Our hearts all united in love,
Where Jesus has gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansion above,

Then why so reluctant to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
No longer confined to this clay;
United with Jesus in love:

With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah, Amen,
Amen! even so let it be.

If anyone has the poem The Old Orchard Tree, please send it along. It begins: From under the spreading branches of a brave old orchard tree.

BANFF.

By "Sunny Jim."

It was in the Canadian Rockies,
The summer of 1909,
When a party of tourists,
With two coaches and a place to dine,
Came rushing through the twilight
Into the village of Banff.

The sun was behind the mountains,
Whose peaks were against the sky;
And the purple tinge of the evening
Over the pine trees lay,
Like a royal curtain of beauty
Around the village of Banff.

After the evening repast,
Through the dim light of the town
The tourists scattered here and there
Seeking places of renown—
Curious for myth and story
About the village of Banff.

Some sought the little church
Down by the river side,
Where Ralph Connor, of sacred name
Had watched both church and tide,
And given message of truth
To the people of Banff.

Among these stalwart mountains,
The missionary writer and sage,
Moulded his strength of character
To work for this, and coming age,
To publish the gospel tidings
In this little church at Banff.

Morning came to the tourists
And the vigorous mountain air,
Gave impetus to every one,
After the night's repairs,
All were bent on venture
In and around the village of Banff.

I followed the road to the bridge
Where the clear foaming water of Bow,
Repeats its enchanting story
In its unremitting flow,
Never forgetting, always repeating,
As it winds through the village of Banff.

The road led past the Inn,
Far up the mountain side,
Amid the fragrance of the pine,
I lingered till noon-tide,
Watching the encircling mountains
Around the village of Banff.

You may go on to Laggan,
Climb to Emerald, Lake Louise,
To beautiful Lake Mirror
And sweet Agnes, if you please,
I'll go back to the gem of the mountains
To the quiet village of Banff.

Or skip from rock to rock
With the cascades under my feet,
And reach the icy cavern
Of the glacier most complete,
Or look upon Mt. Sir Donald
In his massive ancient retreat.

You may go on to Seattle,
Stay a day at the fair,
Or down the sound to Tacoma
And see the wonders there,
Go to Portland, the city of Roses,
And the bewitching Mt. Rainier.

Or on to Yellow Stone,
With its salmon, elks and deer—
With its "profile machines" and fears,
With its camps, coaches, canyons and geysers,
Or float on the Great Salt Lake,
With companions of good cheer.

Visit the irrigated lands,—
Or a moonlight trip up Pike's Peak,
With the balmy air of Manitou,
All beauteous and unique,—
Over the bountiful prairies of Kansas—
All these we praise and seek.

Then on to the great city
Where civilization is rife,
Where each contends with his brother
To be master in the strife,
But is overruled by a higher law,
Running through human life.

But take me back to the mountains
Where beauty is sublime,
Where the crystal waters flow
Mid the fragrance of the pine,
Where the joy of living seems sacred and divine,
In the quiet village of Banff.

A YOUNG LADY IN BLUE

By Edward Lear.

There was a Young Lady in Blue,
Who said, "Is it you? Is it you?"
When they said, "Yes, it is," she replied only "Whizz!"
That ungracious Young Lady in blue.

POEMS REQUESTED.

Will some one of The Blade family give the song called Hurrah for a Gooseberry Pie? Part of a verse is this: Since the days of the flood, there was nothing so good as a hunk of a gooseberry pie.

A friend of ours is looking for a piece of poetry entitled, Keep Smiling. Who can and will send it?

The poem called Patrick O'Connor is wanted. This is a clue: I thought I'd come in and see would yer honor write a few lines to me Pat.

Things to Eat

CANNED PUMPKIN.

I saw in The Blade that a recipe for canning pumpkin is wanted. Here is the one I use. I have some that I canned four years ago, and it is as good as the day I canned it.

Take a kettle that will hold about two gallons. Cut enough pumpkin in squares and fill the kettle. Put in water enough to cook it, or about two-thirds full. Sprinkle one tablespoon of salt over this. Let it boil till tender, then fill fruit cans with it and put in enough of the water the pumpkin was cooked in, to cover the pumpkin in the cans. Put on rubber and cover. Be sure the can is air tight. I have never had a can spoil yet and the pumpkin does not cook to pieces. When you want to use it, empty the pumpkin out and then season to taste. The pies are just splendid.—C. L. K., from Centerville.

JELLY ROLL.

Your New Visitor, East Tennessee, wants a tried recipe for jelly roll, so I will send her mine. I never knew it to crack.

Use three eggs; one cup of sugar; one-half tablespoon of milk; one even teaspoon of baking powder; one-fourth teaspoon of salt; one tablespoon of melted butter and one cup of flour.

Beat eggs till they are light. Add the sugar gradually, then the milk, flour sifted with baking powder and salt, then the butter. Beat hard. Bake in dripping pan in a moderate oven, twelve minutes. Take from oven and turn on paper which has been well sprinkled with powdered sugar or corn starch. Spread with jelly, which has been beaten. The work must be done quickly, or the cake will crack in rolling. If "New Visitor" will follow these directions, I think she will be pleased with it, as I never have known it to fail.—Mrs. I. C., Olin, Iowa.

The Nifties and the Indian

ELIZABETH AYRES

CHAPTER III.

The Siege of the Barn.

Jack was so excited that he stuttered, when he told about having heard some one in the barn.

"Oh, you just got scared at nothing," said Freckles scornfully. "I've got the key in my pocket. Get busy there, it's going to rain, and we've gota get these things inside. Where did we put the lantern?" he asked impatiently.

"I tell you there is some one in there," Jack insisted. "I tried the door, but I couldn't budge it, and I know I heard some one sneaking across the floor."

Freckles was too much occupied in searching for the lantern to be impressed with Jack's story, though the other boys seemed interested.

"Here she is," he cried triumphantly. "Let's get her lighted."

This was more easily said than done, in the high wind that was blowing, but by making a shelter with their bodies, they managed to keep a match burning long enough to kindle the wick.

A great crash of thunder directly overhead startled the Nifties and brought Fritz galloping from the woods, with his ears laid back and his eyes big with alarm.

"Every fellow grab something and run," Freckles shouted, lifting a box in which their cooking utensils were packed; "come on, boys."

He started off, in the direction of the barn, making a great clatter with the loosely packed box. The other boys followed after, with as much as they could carry. Large drops of rain were falling threatening a downpour. By this time it was quite dark, and they stumbled along over the rough ground, guided by the light of the lantern which swung from Freckles' arm.

Fritz reached the barn the first one, and was sniffing at the crack under the door, barking furiously. At this sign of danger, the boys stopped and huddled together, a little afraid to go on.

"We oughta have waited until tomorrow," whispered Brooksie. "Aw, go on, Gloomy Gus," whispered Jack. "Tomorrow we'll be here, instead of just coming."

The Kid had not said very much during the excitement, but now it was he who suggested that Freckles should unlock the door.

Freckles agreed, promptly. "All right," he said, "but let's keep close together."

He took the key from his pocket and fitted it into the lock. It turned easily, but they could get no farther. The door resisted their efforts to open it. Someone, or something, was holding it inside.

"Gee!" exclaimed Freckles, under his breath.

"Let's hike," said Brooksie.

"Where to?" asked Jack.

Nobody knew where, and they kept an uncertain silence until the Kid spoke.

"Isn't there a window somewhere one of us could get in?" he asked. Freckles hesitated. He would not acknowledge to being afraid, but at the same time he did not want to take any chances.

"There's one at the back," he said, reluctantly, "but it's awful little."

"Couldn't I get through?" the Kid persisted.

"Maybe you could," Freckles returned, doubtfully, "but one of us other fellows oughta try it. You're the littlest, and you've been sick, and—"

"Aw, come off," scoffed the Kid. "Jack, you come with me. Freckles, you and Brooksie stay here, ready to grab if anyone comes out," he directed, suddenly becoming the leader. "You can keep the lantern so's you can see what happens. Give me something to break the window with if I have to."

Freckles handed him one of the frying pans, it being the first thing he could find. The Kid took it. He started around the corner of the barn with Jack by his side, and brandishing the frying pan as if he were going to do damage.

"Kid, ain't you scared?" Jack whispered.

"Not much," the Kid whispered back.

To tell the truth the boys in front of the barn did not stay as close to the door as they might, feeling safer at a distance, until they knew what was coming.

It seemed an age that they waited. The barn stood closed and grim before them, bulking big in the gloom. They wondered what was behind its blank walls, and they began to be afraid to discover. Fortunately, the storm that had threatened was passing over, and the rumble of thunder came from farther and farther away.

Suddenly there was a crash of metal against glass, and they heard the tinkling sound of splinters falling. The frying pan had been put to use. At the same moment the door of the barn flew open.

Blinded by the light from their lantern, they could scarcely see the figure that slipped out and ran swiftly toward the woods. Fritz gave chase, but the boys were willing to let the mysterious object escape without investigation, until daylight should return to give them courage, especially as Fritz came back from his chase on three legs, yelping as if he had been hurt.

"Say, fellows," they heard Jack shouting from behind the barn, "come here quick, the kid's stuck in the window!"

(To be continued next week.)

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for health, happiness and good cheer.

A TRUE RECIPE

Dear Cozy Corner Friends—As Elizabeth did not see fit to print my last letter, I am going to try again. I enjoy reading The Blade so much and think it a grand paper. I am glad I can truthfully tell you I am happy. It may be said by some of you that it is a big thing to say, but I obtained it by following a true recipe which consists of three things: ACT RIGHT, TALK RIGHT and LIVE RIGHT.

Did you ever notice if we look at the sunshine a long time that we cannot see into dark places; that is, if we step immediately from light to darkness? My object is to stay in the sunshine and not try to get my eyes accustomed to the dark.

Anna Rhodes, I enjoy your letters. Why do you not come again? I would be very glad to hear some of the writers tell where they are laying up their treasures. I, myself, am looking forward to something better than an earthly tabernacle. Hoping to see this in print, I will say goodbye.—Blue Eyes, Indiana.

I am glad you came again. That is the way to do it, and it pleases me, because it shows you have confidence in—Elizabeth.

FROM TEXAS

Dear Blade Readers—I am a new subscriber to The Toledo Blade and like it better than any newspaper I ever read. We live in a timbered country. It is very dry here now. Hot winds and dry weather have killed the corn. Cotton is looking very well. I like to live on a farm and raise chickens and have a garden. I have 200 little chickens. I have been canning plums today. There are lots of wild plums here, but the other fruit crop is short on account of late freeze.

Come again, Uncle George W. Racey; your letter was fine. I enjoy reading all of the letters, but like best the ones from California. I think I should like to live there. I am getting tired of Texas. I have lived here most of my life.

I have been married four years and have a boy 3 years old. I am 22 years old; my husband is 27. Good luck to Elizabeth and The Blade readers. I will sign my real name—Orah Ellis, Round Timber, Texas.

NEW JERSEY HEARD FROM

To the Peace Page—I have just been perusing this page, and, while I have written before, I did not see my letter in full, but I was pleased to see parts of it in print, so here I am again.

We live in the west central part of New Jersey, in the county of Salem, where all climatic conditions are most favorable. It has been dry and some crops were put in late, but everything is looking fine. Hay will be short, but we have all we need of this world's goods, how thankful we should be, and not be constantly hankering after worldly riches. I am with Walter Icenhour, of North Carolina, on the sunshine and humor question. I am always glad to be in company with that kind, and can always contribute my share, still it is true, we must study our companions and learn if they will take this humorous sunshine in the same manner that we do.

About two weeks ago we started at 6:30 in the morning, on a trip of 16 miles. It was a clear, cool Sabbath day. Our journey lay through a most beautiful and fertile country. When about half way to our destination, we came to a seven-day village, Shiloh. How strange it seemed to see farmers working, and I suppose they think the same of us first day observers. We reached our friends at 9 o'clock in the morning, and spent a delightful day. We were entertained in a most genial way and were treated to as lovely, luscious strawberries as one ever tasted. It was truly a visit that makes one glad to be alive.

Recently, we took another trip in the opposite direction, in fully as pleasant a country, and passed through the beautiful little town of Woodstown. Again we met with the good, humorous people. Such visits make one wish for more. Our children went out in the pasture, and there found a bird's nest in a hollow place in the ground, with four young hungry birds in it. God surely takes care of his creatures, else why had not the stock trampled them?

Methinks I can hear Elizabeth sighing for the end, so I will close with a boost for the good, old Blade and its most inspiring page, the PEACE PAGE.—Mrs. John M. Barnes, Elmer, New Jersey.

There was nary a sigh, my friends, there is never a sigh from me about the letters.—Elizabeth.

STATUE OF CHIEF OSKOSH.

This statue of the chief of the Menominee tribe was erected recently in Oskosh, Wisconsin. It was presented to the city by Colonel John Hicks.

—From a postcard send by Mrs. Nellie A. Clark.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

The weather is some few warm in Toledo at the present time of writing, which happens to be July 8, 1911. I refuse to look at the thermometer. It might tell me it is dangerous to work. What you don't know, you don't have to worry about.

In regards to The Poets' Corner, I reserve the right to either publish, or not to publish, requests for poems, and poems sent in answer to requests. I cannot always tell by the titles what the poems are about. On the PEACE PAGE there should be nothing of tragedy, sorrow or of war. To me it is a mystery why anyone wants such things. I cannot understand where the pleasure lies in being made miserable by unhappy reading.

I understand perfectly why the soldier boys want the war time songs. They recall memories of stirring days and brave deeds, and so I let them have these, whenever it is possible, but the fact remains, I do not like to put war on the PEACE PAGE.

Ida Joy, Kansas—Thank you for your letter. Yes, you certainly may call me sister. Everyone on earth may call me sister, but I may not be called mother, aunt, uncle or grandfather. The sister business is all right.

Etta Merrill—"Uncle" George W. Racey, of Shawanee, Tennessee, wants your address.

Mrs. Maude Shaffer, New York—Come a-running with your "delicious strawberry icing for cakes."

A. L. Farley—Forget to worry about your freckles. There is nothing which will remove them, unless you remove your skin. Keep your face clean, your heart happy, act pretty, and that is what you will be, in spite of freckles. They do not amount to a row of pins. You only think they do.

Mary Elliott, one of the Elliott "girls" who keeps store in Dale, Indiana, sends word that she has read the Bible through in 36 hours and 1 minute. She sent her time schedule, made out in a business-like manner, but it would take too much space to print it.

Herewith I give notice that no requests for postcard exchanges, or postcard showers, will be printed on this page. If I should print all that come to me, there would be no other reading in these columns and we should clog the mails, inviting Uncle Sam to get after us.

POEMS REQUESTED

A copy of The Bishop's Cow is asked for.

The hymn, The Gate Ajar for Me, is wanted. First line: There is a gate that stands ajar.

This is a clue to a song asked for: While passing through the old house gate, he heard a gentle voice.

ROSE JARS

DIRECTIONS for making a rose jar were recently requested and immediate response has been received. The first I found in my letter this morning, July 5, is from a friend of ours in Chesterhill, O. She sent the article on this subject, clipped from The Blade, and written by Grey Wing, a year ago, or it may be longer ago. Time goes so fast, I cannot remember. Then, along comes a letter from Grey Wing herself, repeating the directions previously given. Well, I guess we have a few kind friends. There may be other rose jar directions in my letter basket, but with these two at hand, I have not stopped to take the time, to go to the bottom of the basket.

Grey Wing says she thinks it rather late in the season to make one this year, but if you are foresighted, you will clip this, and paste it in your scrap book for future reference. Here is what you have to do to make a rose jar.

Gather the rose petals in the early morning and place them for an hour in a cool, shady place to dry. Toss them lightly and then put them in layers with salt sprinkled freely between in a large, covered glass dish. You may add fresh petals to this every morning. When you have a sufficient quantity, let the whole stand for 10 days, shaking thoroughly every morning. Now, in the bottom of a glass fruit jar, place two ounces of whole allspice, crushed, and two ounces of stick cinnamon, broken coarsely. Fill the jar with rose petals and salt. This must stand six weeks, or even longer, when it may be prepared for the permanent jar. During the six weeks the jar should be kept perfectly air tight.

Mix together one ounce each of ground cloves, cinnamon, allspice and mace; once ounce of orris root; shredded and bruised; two ounces of lavender flowers. These are the proportions to be used to one quart of the rose petals. Place this mixture in alternate layers with the contents of the glass fruit jar, in a more ornamental jar that is to be used permanently. If you choose, you may add a few drops of the oil of your favorite flower—rose, geranium or violet, and pour over the whole one quarter of a pint of good cologne.

This pot pourri will last for years. From time to time you may add a little lavender water or any nice perfume. The odor from a rose jar filled with leaves and fragrant spices is very penetrating, and is particularly pleasant in large drawing rooms and halls. The odor is not only refreshing, but it is delightful as well. A rose jar filled with good stock should never be allowed to remain constantly open. If the covers are removed for an hour at a time, twice a day, your room will become filled with a fragrance that will be a delight to all who enter your house.

When you select your rose jar, the best are those with double covers. Some jars have single covers, some double, some with perforated covers. The best are those with double covers without perforations.

Every one who can get rose petals should have a rose jar. They are just grand. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

OWES HER HEALTH

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, your Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house.

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls to build them up and make them strong and well. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has always helped her.

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to these wonderful medicines."—Mrs. J. G. Johnson, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases.

$50 Buys This Elegant Twin-Auto-Seat TOP BUGGY.

Warranted for Five Years.

Retail price $85.00. Other styles $29.50 up. Buggies, Surreys, Spring Wagons and Farm Wagons. We have cut out our Jobbers, our Wholesalers, and our Retailers, and offer YOU their profit. Write *today* for our Free Catalog and Delivered Prices.

Mutual Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co., Station 16 A East St. Louis, Ill.

FREE TO YOU--MY SISTER FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found a cure.

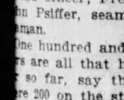
I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men can not understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete ten days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly, and surely. Remember that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you a copy of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says "You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Dumpiness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell you. If any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours; also the book. Write today, you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 8. South Bend, Ind., U. S. A.

LADIES WHY SUFFER?



Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a 50 cent package of this wonderful remedy FREE. Write at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

ASTHMA

Hay Fever Remedy sent to any sufferer. If it cures send $1. If not, don't pay express office. Write today. National Medical Co., 631 Ohio ave., Sidney, O.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. CORRECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICHIGAN.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. PILOT, Dept. 29, Marshall, Mich.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

GRAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 1205 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

FLAME CAPTAIN FOR LIVES LOST

Passengers of Santa Rosa, Wrecked, Say He Would Not Land Them.

Santa Barbara, Cal., July 8.—In spite of assertions from company officials of ship's officers to the contrary, the passengers of the wrecked steamer Santa Rosa, who arrived here today, after a thrilling battle with the breakers that smashed the stranded ship, declare that more than four sailors lost their lives.

Capt. Faria placed the blame for the stranding of the steamer on Third Officer Thomas, who was officer of the deck. Thomas, in defense, stated that he "overread" the ship's log and thought he was off Point Conception, several points south of the point where the steamer grounded.

The known dead are: E. Henson, second officer; Fred Johnson, seaman; John Pfiffer, seaman; E. J. Johnson, seaman.

One hundred and ninety-two passengers are all that have been accounted for so far, say the survivors. There were 200 on the steamer and many of the rescued ones said today that the missing ones went down to death when the surf battered the life rafts to pieces.

Few of the shipwrecked voyagers have recovered from the nerve-racking strain of the battle with the breakers in the dark night.

Many of the rescued women are still hysterical and are under the care of physicians.

Many of the passengers were vehement in their denunciation of the ship's officers, who refused to land the passengers soon after the Santa Rosa grounded near Point Arguello.

Captain Faria, who was making his first trip as commander of the vessel, declined, they say, to listen to the pleas of the passengers who desired to put ashore before the gale arose yesterday evening. He replied to entreaties, it is said, with the statement that he had received instructions from the Pacific Coast steamship officials to permit no one to go ashore until it became absolutely necessary.

When the boat struck, the injury did not appear to be serious, and Captain Faria, believing he would be able to float the Santa Rosa, made no attempt to land passengers. A sharp wind, rising soon after 4 o'clock, threatened to rack the boat to pieces and hasty preparations were made to take the passengers and crew ashore. At 5:30 o'clock a heavy swell cracked the vessel amidship and at 5 o'clock it split in two.

There were 275 persons on board, most of whom had taken refuge in the forward section, as the stern of the boat had received the brunt of the attack of the waves.

Third Engineer C. W. Brown carried a line to shore in a boat when he and affected a landing after a desperate battle with the waves. A net was raged on the shore line, and the passengers, women and children first, taken from the floundering ship, three and four at a time.

AMBERGRIES IS WORTH $50,000

Victoria, B. C., July 5.—A piece of ambergris, said to be worth $50,000, said to have been taken from a whale killed by the whaler Pilgrim, which arrived here today. The ambergris is said to be one of the largest pieces ever found.

WIFE MAKE HOME

B. F. Bush, New Missouri Pacific Head, Has No Domestic Care.

St. Louis, July 7.—Mrs. Benjamin F. Bush, wife of the Missouri Pacific's new president, believes not only that woman's sphere is the home, but that man should not be bothered with home matters.

Acting on this belief Mrs. Bush, since her arrival in St. Louis, two days ago, has found a home, signed a two years' lease for it, and has begun to move her furniture in. By the time her husband returns, in a few days, from an extended tour of the Southwest, she hopes to have everything in place, so that he can drop into his armchair and not have to do as much as drive a nail or straighten a picture.

The Bush home is at 30 Portland place, a fine house which has just been vacated by its owners, Mrs. B. W. Clark. Mrs. Bush moved in Monday while the last of the Clark effects were being removed.

Gets Fine Service

The furniture which Mrs. Bush removed from ther Baltimore suburban home just before her departure for St. Louis came here on almost passenger time, and when she wanted it all she had to do was to telephone for drays to haul it to the Portland place house.

Mrs. Bush gave her maid general directions for the placing of the principal articles of furniture, then went downtown and made contracts with the gas and electric light companies. Returning, she directed a force of men in the work of furnishing the various rooms of the house.

A reporter found Mrs. Bush in the midst of a confusion of furniture, but showing not the least confusion herself, and directing the work downstairs and upstairs as easily as her husband manages 7,236 miles of railroad. She wore an old gown and a slouch hat, which formed a costume harmonious with the busy scene.

Why Trouble Husband?

"Why should I trouble my husband about moving?" she said. "He has his new work, and it is a great work, and I am proud that he has been chosen to do it.

"He needs all his time and thought for his task. I intend that he shall not be burdened by having to attend to home matters which I can handle.

"It is a man's place to do his work and make a name for himself and his family in the world's work. It is a wife's place to make the home everything that a man can desire in a home, to build up the home life, and to relieve him of all unnecessary burdens relating to the home.

"I am not a suffragist. That sort of thing does not attract me."

STAR ORATORS LOSE OUT

Congress Session Robs Clark and La Follette of Chautauqua Profits.

Washington, July 5.—Champ Clark, speaker of the house; Senator La Follette and other Chautauqua favorites are experiencing a crimp in their pocketbooks, due to the extra session of congress, which keeps them away from their old stamping ground, the Chautauqua platforms.

They are not indulging in audible protests, however, and, remarkable as it may seem, none of them is showing any great anxiety to bring the present session to a close.

Mr. Clark declares his intention to remain at his post as long as possible in order to place the senate and the President on record on the various tariff revision bills, and Mr. La Follette frankly declares he can see no end to the present session because of the attitude of the opponents of Canadian reciprocity and the progressive Republicans who want to revise the tariff downward.

Mr. Clark was under contract with a Chicago lecture bureau to go upon a circuit beginning July 14 had there been no extra session, and was to receive $1,000 per week.

If he is compelled to listen to free oratory in the house until the middle of August he will be out $6,000.

His salary as speaker is $12,000 a year, or as much per month as he would receive per week for Chautauqua speech-making.

LIGHTNING HITS A STEAMER

Bolt Splinters Mast and Nearly Hurls Captain Into Sea.

New York, July 5.—A bolt of lightning in a freak thunderstorm struck the Belgian steamer Indutiomare as she was approaching quarantine lightship yesterday and Captain Palm, who was on the bridge, was almost knocked into the ocean. One of the masts was splintered, but no one was injured. No sign of the storm was evident in this city, only a few miles away. The ship was inbound from San Domingo.

FIGHT BEGINS ON GREATEST TRUST

League Opposing Monopolies Demand Action on Wall Street Combine.

Washington, July 7.—Immediate federal cognizance of the Gary international steel trust was demanded here yesterday afternoon at a hurried meeting of the excutive committee of the National Anti-Trust league, called to consider the formation of the world-embracing combine at Brussels.

Denouncing Judge Gary's move as "a filibustering expedition against the industrial development and prosperity of the people of the United States," a committee was appointed to appeal for relief to President Taft, Secretary of State Knox and the chairman of the senate and house committees of foreign affairs.

Greatest of Trusts.

The far-reaching importance of this latest and greatest of trusts was immediately recognized on all sides. Statesmen here of both parties see in the move a daring effort to anticipate impending action against the United States Steel corporation in the way of tariff reductions and possible dissolution.

The President will be asked by the anti-trust league to have American diplomatic and consular agents in foreign countries make investigations, secret and otherwise, to get at the exact extent of the agreements covered by the conventions and conferences at which the World's Steel institute was born and is to be developed.

Royalty Interested?

It is charged by the Anti-Trust league, by way of illustration, that this Gary steel convention has been made with the German government among others because the German government fixes the prices and regulates the output of the German steel mills. Emperor William is a stockholder in the Krupp and other large steel plants of Germany.

The late King Edward of England was a heavy purchaser and owner of United States Steel corporation stock. He was let in on the ground floor by J. P. Morgan, so the story goes, to enable him to make great profits. The Anti-Trust league wants to know how much of the late king's holdings are still in possession of British royalty, that it may measure the effectiveness against British competition of the Gary convention.

It is considered strongly probable that the committee to draft the details of the combination will be called to meet in New York, as Judge Gary is strongly in favor of having the foreigners visit America in a body for a careful study of the steel industry in this country. It is believed Judge Gary will eventually be chosen head of the great body.

POPE IN PEACE PLANS

In Letter to Delegate United States Is Praised for Arbitration Program.

Washington, July 6.—Pope Pius X., in an autograph letter received yesterday by the apostolic delegate to Washington, applauds the lead taken by the United States in the world-wide campaign for international peace.

Although the pontiff does not mention President Taft by name, a copy of the letter was forwarded last night to the White House. It is expected the President, because of his well known peace views, will reply to the cordial sentiments of the ruler of the church. The letter says:

"We are happy to learn from you that in the United States of America under the leadership of men enjoying the highest authority with the people the more judicious members of the community are fervently desirous of maintaining the advantages of international peace.

"To compose differences, to restrain the outbreak of hostilities, to prevent the dangers of war, to remove even the anxities of so-called armed peace, is indeed, most praiseworthy and any effort in this cause, even although it may not immediately or wholly accomplish its purpose, manifests, nevertheless, a zeal which cannot but redound to the credit of its authors and be of benefit to the state.

"This is especially true of the present day, when vast armies, instrumentalities most destructive to human life and the advanced state of military science portend wars which must be a source of fear even to the most powerful rulers.

"Wherefore we most heartily commend the work already begun which should be approved by all good men and especially by us holding, as we do, the supreme pontificate of the church, and representing Him who is both the God and the Prince of Peace; and we most gladly lend the weight of our authority to those who are striving to realize this most beneficent purpose.

"For we do not doubt that the same distinguished men who possess so much ability and such wisdom in affairs of state will construct in behalf of a struggling age a royal road for the nations leading to peace and conciliation in accordance with the laws of justice and charity, which should be sacredly observed by all."

FURNACE COMPANIES MERGE

Ohio and Other Concerns in New $9,000,000 Corporation.

Cleveland, July 7.—Announcement was made yesterday that a $9,000,000 merger of seven companies manufacturing furnaces and heating apparatus thas been completed. The new company will be the largest producer of warm air furnaces, hot water and steam boilers for heating purposes, tank heaters and pipings in the world.

The companies absorbed are the Henry & Scheible Co., of Cleveland, the Century Heating & Ventilating Co., of Akron; the Peck-Williamson Heating & Ventilating Co., of Cincinnati; the International Heater Co., of Utica, N. Y.; the L. J. Mueller Furnace Co., of Milwaukee, Wis., the Quaker Manufacturing Co., of Chicago, and the Ideal Furnace Co., of Detroit.

The organization, according to officers, will in no manner conflict with the anti-trust laws. The properties will be taken oved by absolute transfer of title.

The combination will be headed by A. W. Williamson, president of the Cincinnati company. There has been issued $4,000,000 in preferred stock and $4,200,000 in common stock, the balance of common remaining in the treasury.

How Women Figure Oddly in Day's News

"Whipping Helps Some Women."

Wilmington, Del., July 10.—"It is hard for a man to keep his hands off a woman like this. A whipping now and then, while illegal, does a woman such as this one good."

This decision was made by Judge Cochran in the municipal court in virtually dismissing John Green, on trial for wife beating.

While the wife was testifying the judge interrupted her by asking if the whole trouble was not caused by her affection for another man. She made a denial.

"Did a boarder cause you and your husband to separate?" Judge Cochran continued.

"No, it was because he beat me,' she said between sobs. "He had beaten me before that boarder came to our house."

The husband himself testified his wife was too friendly with the boarder. Then the judge delivered his edict. Wife beating is a whipping offense in Delaware.

Girl Is Church Pickpocket.

Pittsburg, July 10.—While worshipers knelt in prayer in St. Mary's Catholic church a pickpocket worked in the pews. Mrs. Margaret Crehan and her son prayed for blessings on each during their separation.

The son was about to leave for Idaho in search of health. They were among the victims, Mrs. Crehan losing her purse containing $21 and the son's ticket to Chicago.

Within the church were city detectives, who by a strange coincidence had followed 16-year-old Margaret Munro to the church. She had been suspected of operating in a department store Saturday. After the service Mrs. Crehan quietly made it known that she had lost her purse. The detectives hurried from the church and overtook the girl. The purse was dangling from her wrist. She was arrested.

Baby Born on Suicide's Bed.

Pittsburg, July 10.—Life and death joined issue yesterday at Mercy hospital and Life was doubly victorious. Writhing on a bed in one of the wards in the agony of self-administered poison, Etta May Walker was first recalled to consciounes by the wailing of a new-born babe. Wearying of what she had termed "being man's plaything in the vicious comedy of life" the unfortunate girl had turned to the grimmest tragedy—suicide for herself and the death of her little one.

The girl drank poison on Saturday in a downtown hotel. Prompt action at the hospital saved the life of both her and the little one which was born soon after her removal to the hospital.

The girl left a sad note, protesting her innocence of any wrongdoing and calling on the world to properly consider before passing critical judgment on her. She was abandoned by the father of the child, and, believing that she would be condemned by all who knew her, she sought death.

Woman Is Bold Bandit.

Washington, July 10.—The lower part of her face hidden by a long, black scarf, and a straw hat tilted over her eyes, a middle-aged woman who gave the name of Mrs. Margaret Laffey, and her residence as 613 Third street, N. W., late last night held up Charles Mattfield, manager of a grocery store at the point of a revolver and robbed him of $106.

Mattfield was standing back of his counter when he was suddenly startled by hearing the order, "Throw up your hands!"

Looking up, frightened, he saw the woman standing just inside the door pointing a revolver at his head, fearing she would shoot he lifted his hands. Her voice as she spoke was low, but determined. "Give me all that money,' she ordered, "and if you try to get a gun or call for help I will shoot you."

Mattfield pushed the pile of money across the counter. All the while he thought she was a man in disguise. Still pointing the revolver directly at Mattfield's head, she picked up the money and left the store. The instant she was out of sight Mattfield began loudly calling for help.

Attracted by cries for help two men ran to his assistance and caught the woman as she was running away. When the men attempted to arrest her she fought fiercely for several minutes, and it was not until the arrival of a policeman that she was subdued.

HER COUNCIL ONLY GIGGLED

High Jinks Embarrassed the Woman Mayor of Hunneywell.

Hunneywell, Kas., July 5.—The five city councilmen of Hunneywell met Monday night with the mayor, Mrs. Ella Wilson, for the first time since her election to office, April 1. Mayor Wilson had arranged her executive table and chairs for the five councilmen at the north end of the hall. The first act of council was to shift the setting of the south end.

Mrs. Wilson's lips trembled a little a sshe asked the clerk, Mrs. E. E. Hilton, to call the roll. But to each of the five names came a lusty answer.

The first act of the mayor was to propose that the resignation of W. L. Lewis be acted on. Wilson is one of the councilmen who has decided to give up the battle.

"I can't fight against a woman," was his excuse for withdrawing. His resignation was accepted. No one was named to fill the vacancy.

The next thing the mayor proposed was the appointment of a clerk. Being the only woman in council, she said, was embarrassing. So she told the men that she would appoint Mrs. E. E. Hilton to the position. Would the council confirm the appointment? Apparently they would. A motion was made promptly and seconded to this effect. But when the vote was taken it became evident that the motion was only a pre-arranged form of practical joking, for the motion was defeated by a unanimous and hearty vote.

"Well," the mayor said, and for a moment a shower of tears threatened; "well, I'll—I'll just keep on appointing her every meeting. I don't propose to be the only woman at the meetings," and her lips drew together once more in a thin line of resolve.

CASTRO AT HOME WITH ARMY

Willemstadt, Curacoa, July 8.—The Venezuelan government has positive news that Cipriano Castro, the exiled president of Venezuela, effected a landing on the western part of Venezuelt and today has a following of 1,000 men.

LIVE GLOSSY HAIR ON HEALTHY SCALPS

To prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove dandruff, allay itching and irritation and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, frequent shampoos with Cuticura soap, assisted by occasional dressings with Cuticura ointment, are usually effective when other methods fail. In preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, in preventing minor eruptions from becoming chronic and in the treatment of torturing, disfiguring humors, rashes, itchings and inflammations, from infancy to age, these pure, sweet and gentle emollients have no rivals.

DEFENDS RECIPROCITY

Senator Declares It to Be Ultimate Destiny of U. S. and Canada.

Washington, July 5.—Senator Burton, of Ohio, with a defatory explanation that he was "not assuming to defend the administration" because "the administration needs no defense," made a notable speech in behalf of the Canadian reciprocity bill in the senate today. He declared that reciprocity was the "ultimate destination" of Canada and the United States; that all natural conditions were opposed to the maintenance of border warfare in commercial matters, and that the farmers of the United States would not suffer injury from the enactment of the Canadian agreement.

Not Injure Ohio Farmers.

Senator Burton was most emphatic in his endorsement of the agreement. He declared he came from a state widely interested in agriculture, and that the reciprocity agreement would not injure the farmers' interests there.

"In the early discussion there was an outcry in some quarters that the adoption of the agreement would reduce the profits obtained by the farmers," said Senator Burton.

Must Have Supply.

"While this claim is still made on behalf of specific localities and certain products, the general ground of opposition has shifted and it is now maintained not that the agreement will confer a present injury upon the farmers, but that in the future it will lower the prices which they will receive.

"What is this than a demand for increased production on food products? How can an advocate of lower duties support such a proposition? This nation cannot maintain its present position without an abundant supply of the primary necessities of life, especially of the essential articles of food.

"The intention of this proposal for reciprocity is not to reduce the price of articles sold by the farmer. The slight loss of producers of particular articles and in specific localities is over-balanced by the benefits which will be conferred upon the whole people

"I enter my protest," said Senator Burton, "against any policy which looks to the maintenance of duties on the most essential foods—the bread and meat which the people eat—when the present supply shall prove insufficient."

VATICAN REJECTS AN ENVOY

Objects to Liberal Views of Spanish Ambassador.

Madrid, July 8.—A dispatch from Rome says the Vatican has refused to accept Senor Navarro Reverter as the new Spanish ambassador to the holy see, owing to his liberal views.

45-MILE ROAD IN A DAY

Ottawa, Kas., July 10.—If the plans and expectations of leading citizens of Coffey, Osage and Franklin counties are fulfilled there will be constructed in this section tomorrow, between sun rise and sun set, an improved highway, forty-five miles in length. Practically every able bodied man in the three counties has volunteered to aid in the work. The road will follow the old Santa Fe trail cut off and will connect this city with the town of Lebo.

CORN CROP IS AT 80 PER CENT

Washington, July 10.—Government crop reports, to July 1 show conditions as follows:

Corn condition 80.1; yield 25.5; acreage 115,939,000. Winter wheat condition 76.8; yield 14.6. Spring wheat condition 73.8; yield 11.8; all wheat condition 75.6; yield 13.5. Wheat on farms 38,288,000. Oats condition 68.8; yield 23.2. Barley condition 72.1; yield 20.9. Rye condition 85.0; yield 15.5. White potatoes condition 76.0; yield 81.7; acreage 3,495,000. Tobacco condition 72.6; yield 698.1; acreage 893,200. Flax condition 80.9; yield 8.6; acreage 3,013,000. Rice condition 87.7; yield 32.2; acreage 705,000. Hay condition 64.9; yield 10.8; acreage blank.

TWO COWS IN A JEWELRY STORE MAKE A CROWD

Cambridge, Mass., July 6.—Miss Mae Richardson, stenographer in Colburn's Harvard college jewelry store, was transcribing notes yesterday, when she heard a "moo" behind her. This form of dictation being new at Harvard, the girl glanced up and beheld a perfectly regular cow in the main aisle of the store, leaning carelessly against a show case filled with diamonds. Miss Richardson left the shop by the back door.

The cow made her entrance to the jewelry store attracted by the damp sidewalk which had just been flushed. Following the flight of the girl, a second cow entered the shop. Two cows make a crowd in a jewelry store.

Two young men members of the Harvard summer school grasped the first cow by nose and tail, twisting the latter and pinching the former till both lossies went out the way they came in. One of the cows tipped over a show case.

Once outside, the cows remained in front of the store. One of the students turned the hose on them. Fatal move. It was hot The cows liked the water and others joined them until the driver of the herd hove in sight and took his vagrant charges off.

FINDS VAST FUEL SUPPLY IN WASTE

U. S. Bureau Discovers Means to Briquette Lignite at a Practical Cost.

Washington, D. C., July 8.—The bureau of mines, through its experiments at the Pittsburg testing station, believes that it has developed a fuel supply for the western part of the country that will be of immense value. It has succeeded in making briquettes, without the use of a binding material, out of lignite from California, Texas and North Dakota. The difficulty heretofore with the manufacture of briquettes has been the cost of pitch, which is considered necessary to hold the coal dust together.

Lignite is a poor form of coal, brown in color, and is found in great abundance in several western states, notably North and South Dakota, Montana and Texas. Its use has been greatly restricted because of its tendency to slack or turn to dust shortly after it is mined and brought to the surface. Because of the great amount of moisture it contained, between 30 and 40 per cent, the lignite has been difficult to burn under boilers or in stoves.

U. S. Owns Immense Deposits.

There are said to be 150,000 square miles of territory underlain by lignite and millions of acres belong to the government. The bureau of mines, some time ago, conducted a series of experiments at the pumping plant of the reclamation service, at Williston, North Dakota, and succeeded in developing a furnace that would burn the lignite satisfactorily.

But this did not solve the problem of the transportation of the lignite. The bureau therefore sent to Germany, where the process is much farther advanced, and obtained from that country a powerful briquetting machine. The experiments have gone far enough to indicate that lignite can be satisfactorily briquetted at a cost that makes the manufacture commercially possible.

Sees Great Possibilities.

The results of the experiments are contained in a buiietin, "Briquetting Tests of Lignite," just issued by the bureau of mines. The author, Charles L. Wright, says:

"The results of the briquetting investigations conducted by the government are expected to prove of considerable value, not only to the government itself as the owner of extensive lignite deposits and the largest single purchaser of fuel, but also to the people in the regions where lignite is found.

"The problem of fuel supply in those regions is of peculiar interest, for many of the lignite deposits are situated long distances from fields of high-grade coal. The problem assumes still larger proportions when one realizes that the development of manufacturing industries in those regions depends upon the ability to obtain a cheap and satisfactory fuel."

1910 PRICES HIGHEST

Federal Inquiry Shows Records Were Broken.

The annual report on wholesale prices just published by the bureau of labor, department of commerce and labor, in bulletin No. 93, shows that wholesale prices in 1910, as measured by the 257 commodities included in its recent investigation, advanced 4 per cent over the wholesale prices in 1909, and with this advance they were 1.6 per cent above the high average of 1907, the year of high prices within the period 1890 to 1910.

Wholesale prices in 1910 were 19.1 per cent higher than in 1900; 46.7 per cent higher than in 1897, the year of the lowest prices from 1890 to 1910; 16.6 per cent higher than in 1890; and 31.6 per cent higher than the average price for the 10 years 1890 to 1899.

The highest point reached in 1907 was in October, from which month there was a general decline until August, 1908. Beginning with September, 1908, there was a monthly increase without a break up to March, 1910. Wholesale prices in March, 1910, were higher than at any time in the preceding 20 years, being 7.5 per cent higher than in March, 1909, 10.2 per cent higher than in August, 1908, 21.1 per cent higher than the average yearly price of 1900, 49.2 per cent higher than the average yearly price of 1897, and 33.8 per cent higher than the average price for the 10 years 1890 to 1899.

Following the high average of March, 1910, prices declined slightly in April, May and June, but from June to December, 1910, they remained at very nearly the same level. December, 1910, prices were 1.4 per cent lower than those of December, 1909, and 2.5 per cent lower than in March, 1910, but they were still 30.4 per cent higher than the average for the 10 years 1890 to 1899, and 45.4 per cent higher than the prices of 1897.

Of the 257 articles for which wholesale prices were obtained, 148 showed an increase in the average price for 1910 as compared with 1909, 26 showed no change, and 83 showed a decrease.

CLEWS WON'T BE PESSIMISTIC

Neither Wars Nor Crop Failure Looks Dangerous to Him.

New York, July 10.—While selling pressure did not develop on an exceptionally active scale, the price level of stock exchange securities early last week reflected two influences that for a time received unfavorable interpretation. The most potent of these, which was subsequently greatly modified, was the continued dry weather, accompanied by intense heat in important areas of the corn belt. The second was the political situation abroad, which became so acute as to almost merit the designation of a crisis in the relations between France and Germany over the Moroccan situation. In addition, the Balkan ghost again appeared, this time as a result of Russia's precipitate action in massing troops, which Turkey regarded as an unfriendly act, says Henry Clews.

Under these circumstances it was not unnatural that there should have been a check upon the demand for securities at home, while at the same time the decline in quotations in the London and continental exchanges naturally exercised a sympathetic influence on this side.

The chief fear appears to center on corn. Incidentally, it may be remembered that there promises to be a rather close race this year between King Corn and King Cotton for the proud position of being our premier product. The July report of the department of agriculture on Monday reported a condition of cotton of 88.2, which is 8.2 points higher than the average July condition during the last 10 years. In view of the increased area planted to cotton this year of approximately 1,500,000 acres, it is evident that, barring exceptionally unfavorable climatic conditions from now on, we are to have the largest crop of cotton ever grown.

UNCOVERS A NANARCHIST PLOT

Police at Buenos Aires Find Bomb Factory in House.

Buenos Aires, July 10.—What is believed to be an anarchist plot has been uncovered by the police. Two Italian anarchists have been arrested. A search of their house reveals it to be a regular bomb factory.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., July 11.—Owing to a bullish interpretation on yesterday's government report, wheat opened firm and about ½c higher. Weather predictions indicated cool and dry weather over most of the districts. Early in the morning, some realizing checked the advance and caused a slight decline. Receipts of wheat in the Toledo market show exceptional quality, as was the case yesterday. A most remarkable showing was the appearance of 124 cars of contract wheat out of 131 received. Toledo cash and July opened at 88⅛c, September at 90⅜c and December at 93⅞c.

In the later hours there was a good break due to bears and hedgers selling. The country continued to sell new wheat freely. There was some fresh buying later on some bad reports from the northwest.

Cash and July closed ¼c at 88¼c; September ¼c up at 90¼c; December ⅛c higher at 93⅝c.

Scattered showers in the corn belt caused some bearish sentiment, though prices at the start were generally higher. Initial prices were: July 65⅞c, September 67c, December 64⅞c and May 67c.

Corn followed wheat later in the session and eased off somewhat. Cash closed at 65½c; July at 65½c; September at 67¼c; December at 64⅝c; May 67⅜c.

Oats opened unchanged to ½c higher at the following prices: July and September 47c, December 49c, May 52½c.

Final oats prices: Cash 47¾c; July 47¾c; September 47¼c; December 49¼c; May 52¼c.

Clover seed was unchanged in cash and October at $10.60 and $9.77½ and 10c higher in December and March at $9.75.

Closing seed values: Cash $10.60; October $9.77½; December $9.77; March $9.77½. Some bullish reports were received from northwestern Indiana.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close— July11	July10.
Cash	88½	....	87¾	88¼	88
July	88½	....	87¾	88¼	88
Sept.	90⅜	....	89⅝	90¼	90
Dec.	93⅞	....	93⅜	93⅝	93½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	65½	65½
July	65⅞	....	64½	65½	65½
Sept.	67	....	66⅛	67⅛	65½
Dec.	64⅞	65	....	64⅝	64⅝
May	67	....	....	67⅜	67
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	47¾	47
July	47	....	....	47¾	47
Sept.	47	....	....	47¼	46¾
Dec.	49	....	....	49¼	48½
May	52½	....	52	52¼	52
Clover Seed—					
Cash	10.60	....	....	10.60	10.60
Oct.	9.77½	....	....	9.77½	9.67½
Dec.	9.75	....	....	9.77½	9.65
March	9.75	....	....	9.77½	9.65
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	75	75
No. 3	....	....	....	72	....
Timothy—					
Aug.	....	....	....	6.50	6.40
Sept.	....	....	....	6.20	6.20
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.35	9.30
Aug.	....	....	....	9.35	9.30

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	89½	....	88⅜	88¾	88¾
Sept.	90⅛	91	89⅝	90½	90⅝
Dec.	93½	93⅝	92⅝	93¼	93
May	97½	97⅝	96⅝	97⅜	97⅝
Corn—					
July	63⅛	63⅝	62½	63⅜	62½
Sept.	65	65⅞	64⅜	65⅝	64½
Dec.	63⅞	....	63¼	64⅜	63⅜
May	66	66⅝	65⅝	66⅛	65½
Oats—					
July	45½	....	45¼	45⅝	45¼
Sept.	46½	46⅜	45⅞	46½	46¼
Dec.	48⅝	48⅝	47⅝	48⅜	47⅞
May	50⅞	51⅛	50¾	51	50½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	94	....	....	94½	93¾
Sept.	95⅝	....	95⅝	95⅝	95⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	86	86⅝	....	86½	85¾
Sept.	88	....	87	87⅝	87

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	97	97⅛
Sept.	....	....	....	97⅞	97⅞

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	98½	98¾
Sept.	....	....	....	98¼	98¾

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	15.75	....	15.67	15.75	15.72
Sept.	15.75	....	15.67	15.75	15.72
Jan.	15.00	15.62	15.00	15.60	15.60
Lard—					
July	8.32	....	....	8.32	8.35
Sept.	8.45	....	8.35	8.42	8.45
Jan.	8.40	....	8.35	8.40	8.35
Ribs—					
July	8.40	....	8.37	8.40	8.37
Sept.	8.50	....	8.45	8.50	8.50
Jan.	8.17	....	8.07	8.10	8.12

Money and Stocks.

New York, July 11.—Wall Street.—Strength of the Western railroad stocks was the feature of the market at the opening today. Union Pacific gained ¾, St. Paul and Southern Pacific ⅝ and Great Northern, preferred 1. Otherwise the changes were confined to small fractions. Trading was dull and the market was firm.

The list reached a higher level before relapsing into dullness. A number of obscure specialties were brought forward and advanced. American Can, pfd. gained 1½, American Ice 1⅜, Interborough-Metropolitan, pfd. 1¾ and Missouri, Kansas and Texas and Western Union 1. General Electric declined 1½.

Prices of stooks ruled somewhat higher during the morning, following yesterday's reaction on publication of the government crop report. The rise of Americans in London before the opening here imparted strength to the local market at the outset, and nearly everything on the list made some gain. Traders took a more cheerful view of the crop report than that gained from first impressions yesterday, lavingespecial stress on the increase in corn acreage, and the grain carrying railroads were among the strongest in the list. Some of the wide fluctuations in the specialties were due in part to resumption of pool operations. Bends were generally firm. There was considerable selling of American Tobacco 4s, which dropped 1½.

New York Stocks.

Stocks	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	129¼	130⅝	129½	130⅝
Atchison	112⅝	113¼	112½	113⅛
Am. Car & F. Co.	56¼	56½	56¼	56½
Anaconda	39⅝	39⅝	39⅝	39⅝
Amal. Copper	69⅝	69⅝	69⅛	69½
Am. Smeltere	79⅝	80¼	79⅝	80
Am. Steel Fdy	39	39	38⅝	39
Am. Tel. & Tel.	138⅞	138⅞	138⅞	138⅞
Am. Cotton Oil	54⅜	55	54⅜	55
Am. Beet Sugar	52¼	52¼	52¼	52¼
Biscuit com.	105⅜	105⅜	105⅜	105⅜
Bltn R. Trans.	82⅝	84½	82⅝	84
Chicago & G. W.	22½	22½	21⅝	22¼
Canadian Pac.	242	242½	241¾	242½
Clover Leaf	22⅜	22¾	22⅜	22¼
Clover Leaf pfd.	48	48	48	48
Colorado Fuel	34⅝	34⅝	34⅝	34⅝
Ches

The Good Road For Universal Service!

Every man's home faces on a road which connects with every other road and leads to every other home throughout the whole land.

Main highways connect with crossroads so that a man can go where he chooses easily and comfortably if conditions are favorable. But the going is not always the same; some roads are good—some are bad.

The experts in the South illustrate the difference by showing four mules drawing two bales of cotton slowly over a poor, muddy crossroad, and two mules drawing eight bales of cotton rapidly over a first class macadam highway.

The Bell Telephone lines are the roads over which the speech of the nation passes.

The highways and by-ways of personal communication are the 12,000,000 miles of wire connecting 6,000,000 telephones in homes on these highways. Steadily the lines are being extended to every man's home.

The public demands that all the roads of talk shall be good roads. It is not enough to have a system that is universal; there must be macadamized highways for talk all the way to every man's home. A single section of bad telephone line is enough to block communication or confine it to the immediate locality.

Good going on the telephone lines is only possible with one policy and one system. Good going everywhere, at all times, is the aim of the Bell System.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Lockstitch Awl sews shoes, harness, rugs, canvas. Makes lockstitch like sewing machine. 50c postpaid; 2 for $1; $4.50 doz; Wax thread. No stamps. W. K. Stephens Awl Mfg. Co. 901 N. Cardinal, St. Louis, Missouri.

CONVERTS 34,439, TAKES $70,507.77

Billy Sunday Closes the Most Successful Season of His Career.

When Evangelist Billy Sunday closed his meeting at Erie, Pa., Sunday evening with one of the best campaign days in his history he brought to an end the 1910-11 season which stands as the most notable in his evangelistic career.

Since extending the first invitation for converts at Newcastle, Pa., in September, 1910 till last night he secured a total of 34,439 converts—a record possibly never before attained by one evangelist during a similar period of time.

Sunday conducted meetings in half a dozen cities, and Toledo, the largest of them, furnished a trifle more than 20 per cent of the converts. Conversions in the respective cities were as follows: New Castle, Pa., 6,688; Waterloo, Iowa, 4,000; Portsmouth, 5,100; Lima, 5,659; Toledo, 7,685; Erie, Pa., 5,312.

Collections the Largest.

In the collections which have been raised for Sunday and his party the year has also proved the biggest in his history, the total amounting to $70,507.77. The offering at Erie on Sunday amounted to $11,555.67, while the amounts procured in the other five cities were as follows: Newcastle, $13,200; Waterloo, $8,800; Portsmouth, $10,100; Lima, $11,318; and Toledo $15,539.10.

Mr. Sunday passed through Toledo late Monday afternoon en route to his home at Winona, Ind., where he will spend the greater part of the summer. Some time during August he expects to take a short trip to Red Hood, Oregon, where he owns an extensive apple orchard. He opens next year's campaign at Springfield, Ohio, about the middle of September.

CONGRESS MAY END ON JULY 29

Senator Penrose Says It's Only Question of Speeches.

Washington, July 10.—"Nothing but speeches stand in the way of the complete success of the Canadian reciprocity bill, and we are working the speeches off as fast as possible," said Chairman Penrose of the senate finance committee today. "We shall not be here much longer. Gradually and more rapidly than most people appreciate, we are putting the speeches behind us, and I am sticking to a prediction made long since that we shall adjourn on Saturday, July 29, or Saturday, August 5, by which time we shall have voted upon and passed the reciprocity bill and voted upon the free list and wool bills."

A NEW CANADIAN TRUNK LINE

Financial Backing Has Been Obtained for a Trans-Continental Road.

Montreal, July 8.—tI was announced officially today that the Canadian Northern railroad has obtained financial backing for the entire route from thePacific to the Atlantic. It also was announced that within two and a half years the railroad will enter Montreal by tunnel and erect a magnificent station.

BRACELET AND RING FREE

We positively give Free a fine Adjustable Signet Bracelet, guaranteed 5 years, also a beautiful Stone Set Ring for selling 20 packs high-grade art post cards at 10c a pack. Order 20 packs, when sold send us $2, and we will positively send Bracelet and Ring. WELLS MFG. CO., Dept. G 21 CHICAGO

KILLS KIDNAPER OF CHILD

Man Shoots Brother-in-Law, Who Had Taken Girl From Mother.

Virginia, Ill., July 10.—Walter Spoon shot and killed George Cox. Cox and his wife had separated, the divorce decree giving the 5-year-old-daughter to the mother. Yesterday Cox went to the home of his former wife, now Mrs. Charles Ateer, and kidnaped his child. Returning, he met Spoon, a brother of Mrs. Ateer, and a fight ensued. Spoon was unarmed, but he took Cox's gun and killed him. Spoon was badly injured.

HEAT TOO MUCH FOR FLYERS

Atwood and Hamilton Descend in Capital Flight.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 10.—Harry Atwood and "Charley" Hamilton chanced the elements again this morning and succeeded in making a good getaway at 4:50 o'clock on their flight to Washington. At 10 o'clock, owing to the heat, they descended near Baltimore. When they sailed out of sight they were making great speed, hampered by nothing more than a gentle westerly breeze.

DEAD BEFORE OPEN SAFE

Cincinnati Tea Merchant Believed to Be Victim of Heat.

Cincinnati, July 8.—Giles Lewis, secretary of the Newton Tea Co., was found dead in his office early today. The safe, before which he apparently had been kneeling was open, but it will require someone familiar with the contents of the safe to determine whether anything is missing.

The police believe that Lewis was overcome by the heat while searching for records in the safe. No marks of violence were found on the body.

HORSE IN FIGHT WITH DOG

Public Square Denizens in Indiana Town Are Entertained.

Greencastle, Ind., July 8.—Persons on the public square of this city saw an unusual fight between a driving horse and a medium sized brindle bull dog.

When the dog barked at the horse the horse struck at the dog with its front feet. The two animals fought viciously for more than five minutes before either got advantage. The dog had inflicted several small wounds when the horse broke its halter and jumped at the dog.

TAFT WINS IN VOTE KNOCKING OUT FREE MEAT

Washington, July 10.—The first tariff vote of the senate was taken Saturday afternoon with the result a victory for the president.

The vote was upon the amendment of Senator Cummins of Iowa to the Canadian reciprocity bill, adding meats to the free list provided in the measure. The amendment was defeated, 14 to 32.

This action foreshadows the course of the senate with respect to other amendments. It has been apparent for some time that the president would have his way in getting through unamended the Canadian reciprocity compact.

The rejection of the first Cummins expectation was well founded. amendment demonstrates that this

SEE NEW COMET WITH A TAIL

Cambridge, Mass., July 10.—A comet with a visible tail that may be observed with opera glasses is reported to the Harvard Observatory by Prof. R. G. Aitken of Lick observatory, who says that the comet was observed by its discoverer, Astronomer Kiess of the Kiel, Germany, observatory on the night of July 6.

Te comet was seen in right ascension 4 hours 51 minutes and 51.8 seconds; declination plus 35 degrees 17 minutes 3 seconds, and was moving in a southwesterly direction.

Said the hobo—"I went around to a back door today and asked for something to eat. 'Madam,' I said, "if you will only give me the food you give to your cat I will be satisfied.' 'If you want to lie around the barn and catch mice I haven't any objections,' she told me."

CROP CONDITIONS ARE FALLING OFF

Federal July Report Shows Drop in Chief Products Since Month Ago.

PROBABLE 1911 YIELD OF U. S. PRINCIPAL CROPS

Crop.	1911 Indicated Yield, Bus.	1910 Yield, Bus.
Corn	2,956,444,500	3,125,713,000
Winter wheat	457,958,200	464,044,000
Oats	817,800,000	1,126 765,000
Rye	31,056,792	33,039,000
Wht. potatoes	624,542,920	338,881 000
Tobacco, lbs..	624,542,920	984,349,000

Washington, July 11.—Considerable falling off in the condition of both principal and minor agricultural products is shown by the government July crop report, issued this afternoon.

Spring wheat is the worst hit, although it still looks better than last year. Since June 1, when it stood at 94.6 per cent of a normal, nearly 7 per cent better than the average for 10 years, the condition has fallen away to 73.8 per cent, 14 per cent below the 10 year average.

Corn condition is 5 per cent below that of last year, with an indicated yield of two bushels per acre less. Winter wheat shows a 4 per cent drop since June 1. Oats dropped nearly 17 per cent since June 1, and other crops are affected.

Crops Good Here.

Ohio, Michigan and Indiana made an excellent showing on winter wheat and corn, having July crop conditions all, except Ohio, in wheat, several points above the 10-year average. The southwestern states, notably Oklahoma, have a great depreciation in these cereals, which reduces the general condition below the average. Most of the other principal wheat and corn-growing states maintain a condition about equal to and in several cases exceeding the 10-year average.

On oats, Ohio and Indiana suffer, the fate of many other states, however, while the condition in Michigan is 88 per cent, the same as its 10-year average.

Figures Around Home.

The tabulated report by states shows that the condition of winter wheat July 1 in Ohio was 81, the 10-year average being the same; Indiana, 85, 10-year average 82; Michigan, 90, 10-year average 80.

Corn condition in Ohio July 1 was 89; acreage 3,881,000, 10-year average 83; Indiana 91, acreage 5,120,000; 10-year average 85; Michigan 91, acreage 2,100,000, 10-year average 80.

Oats, in Ohio showed a condition of 71, 10-year average 88; Indiana 73, 10-year average 83; Michigan 88, 10-year average the same.

The winter wheat condition is 41 per cent of a normal in Oklahoma, 37 points below the 10-year average; 60 in Kansas, 15 points below the average; 55 in Nebraska, compared with the average of 87; 73 in Pennsylvania, which has an average of 90, and 83 in South Dakota, where the 10-year average was 90.

Where Crops Suffer Worst.

Oklahoma is the worst sufferer in corn, where the July condition is 40, compared with a 10-year average of 87. Other states showing the greatest depreciation in corn are Texas 45, compared with 76 average; Kansas, condition 67, average 84. A number of other states show a falling off of several points.

In South Dakota the oats condition is down to 25 per cent, compared with a 10-year average of 91. Kansas dropped from 76 average to 34, and Nebraska from 86 to 40. Iowa, Illinois and Minnesota also show big losses.

The report follows:

Corn—Condition, 80.1 per cent of a normal, compared with 85.4 per cent in 1910, and 84.7 per cent, the average for the past 10 years on that date; indicated yield per acre, 25.5 bushels, compared with 27.4 bushels, the 1910 final yield, and 27.1 bushels, the average for the last five years; area planted to corn this year, 115,939,000 acres, compared with 114,002,000 acres in 1910.

Winter Wheat—Condition, 76.8 per cent of a normal, compared with 80.4 per cent on June 1, 1911, 81.5 per cent in 1910, and 81.4 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 14.6 bushels, compared with 15.8 bushels in 1910 and 15.5 bushels, the five-year average.

Spring Wheat Figures.

Spring Wheat—Condition, 73.8 per cent of a normal, compared with 94.6 per cent on June 1, 1911, 61.6 per cent in 1910 and 87.8 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 11.8 bushels, compared with 11.7 bushels in 1910 and 13.5 bushels, the five-year average.

All Wheat—Condition, 75.6 per cent of a normal, compared with 86.1 per cent on June 1, 1911, 73.5 per cent in 1910 and 84.4 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield, per acre, 13.5 bushels, compared with 14.1 bushels in 1910 and 14.7 bushels, the five-year average.

The amount of wheat remaining on farms on July 1 is estimated at about 38,288,000 bushels, compared with 38,739,000 bushels on July 1, 1910, and 37,701,000 bushels, the average amount on farms July 1 for the past five years.

Oats Short of Average.

Oats—Condition, 68.8 per cent of a normal, compared with 85.7 per cent on June 1, 1911, 82.2 per cent in 1910 and 86.3 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 23.2 bushels, compared with 31.9 bushels in 1910 and 28.4 bushels, the five-year average.

Barley—Condition, 72.1 per cent of a normal, compared with 90.2 per cent on June 1, 1911, 73.7 per cent in 1910 and 87.9 per cent the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 20.9 bushels, compared with 22.4 bushels in 1910 and 24.8 bushels, the five-year average.

Rye—Condition 85 per cent of a normal, compared with 88.6 per cent on June 1, 1911, 87.6 per cent in 1910 and 90.8 uper cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 15.5 bushels, compared with 16.3 bushels in 1910 and 16.4 bushels, the five-year average.

Potatoes Show Decline.

White Potatoes—Condition, 76 per cent of a normal, compared with 86.3 per cent in 1910 and 90.4 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 81.7 bushels, compared with 94.4 bushels in 1910 and 96.9 bushels, the five-year average; area planted, 3,495,000 acres, compared withm 3,591,000 acres in 1910.

Tobaco—Condition, 72.6 per cent of a normal, compared with 85.3 per cent in 1910 and 86.0 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 698.1 pounds, compared with 797.8 pounds in 1910 and 826.0 pounds, the five-year average; area planted, 893,000 acres, compared with 1,233,800 acres in 1910.

Flax—Condition, 80.9 per cent of a normal, compared with 65.0 per cent in 1910 and 88.6 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 8.6 bushels, compared with 33.9 bushels in 1910 and 8.6 bushels, the five-year average; area planted, 3,013,000 acres, compared with 2,916,000 acres in 1910.

Rice About Average.

Rice—Condition, 87.7 per cent of a normal, compared with 86.3 per cent in 1910 and 88.6 uer cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 32.2 bushels, compared with 3.9 bushels in 1910 and 32.4 bushels, the five-year average; area planted 705,000 acres, compartd with 722,800 acres in 1910.

Hay—Condition, 64.5 per cent of a normal, compared with 76.8 per cent on June 1, 1911, 80.2 per cent in 1910 and 85.7 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield uper acre, 1.08 tons, compared with 1.33 tons in 1910 and 1.41 tons, the five-year average.

TRAIN'S FATAL PLUNGE

Many Killed When Federal Express Goes Over Embankment.

Bridgeport, Conn., July 11.—The federal express, one of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad's fastest trains, carrying passengers without change from Washington to Boston, plunged down a 20-foot embankment here today while running 60 miles an hour. Of 100 passengers that went down with the first six cars scracely one escaped death or injury.

Twelve bodies had been taken out of the twisted wrecakeg by noon, including the engineer and fireman, who were so mutilated that it is evident they must have met instant death.

This, probably, completes the death list. Forty-four injured are in the hospitals, and nearly a score received injuries not severe to prevent them from continuing their journey.

The St. Louis National league baseball team, with Roger Bresnahan, of Toledo, manager, were on board the train, but no member of the team was injured. The players occupied the rear coach, which did not leave the rails.

A new "cross-over" installed on the Burr road viaduct and embankment on the western outskirts of the city, was indirectly responsible for the accident. The train was late and the engineer was driving to make up lost time.

Train Falls to Street.

When the heavy vestibuled train of nine cars struck the switch at full speed the locomotive leaped, rocked and swayed over ties for nearly 150 yards and finally fell to the street below, dragging the cars down the bank. The coupling broke between the sixth and seventh cars, leaving three sleepers upright on the embankment, two of them still on the rails.

Wreck Is at Dawn.

The wreck occurred just before dawn, when 150 passengers occupied the berths and the one day coach.

Just behind the locomotive three cars were piled one above the other. At the bottom of the heap was the day coach, and a majority of the dead were taken from this car. The mass of wreckage did not catch fire, but the firemen who were called to the scene of the disaster, had plenty of work with their axes, chopping into the overturned cars and assisting passengers to safety.

Many of the dead were so mutilated that the work of identification progressed slowly. Two babies were found, one with its head severed and the other impaled on a splinter.

Crew Jumped.

The positions of the bodies of the engine crew indicated that both had jumped when their locomotive left the rails.

The members of the St. Louis National league baseball team were in the last two sleepers on their way from Philadelphia to Boston. After assisting the police and firemen in the rescue work they boarded a special train and left for Boston at 6:30. About 50 passengers also continued their journey on this special.

The Federal Express ran with every berth and every seat full last night.

DEAD, SHY $1,500,000

Head of Chicago House Drowned, Think Suicide.

Chicago, July 11.—Notes aggregating between $1,200,000 and $1,500,000, which the late James Petit, president of the Peavey Grain Co., floated on the credit of the grain concern, and which money he is said to have lost in private speculation, were under consideration at secret conferences of Chicago and Evanston bankers yesterday. After the last conference had adjourned, it was announced at the Peavey Grain Co.'s offices that the concern had decided to suspend its operations on the board of trade, and hereafter would conduct only its elevator business.

It was authoritatively announced that the company had promised the bankers that they would make good, penny for penny, on all the paper which had been given by Petit upon the credit of the concern. On top of this financial bombshell, came the announcement that insurance companies holding policies aggregating approximately $500,000 upon Petit's life would protest the verdict of "accidental death" returned by the coroner's jury last Saturday, following the finding of his body in two feet of water in the beach near the Moraine hotel in Highland park.

According to the story in financial circles, Petit, as president of the grain firm, had full rein in the matter of borrowing money. His signature attached to a note was good for $1,000,000 or more. Several years ago Petit is said to have begun speculations. Two years ago he is said to have been "caught" in the May oats deal. He and his associates are openly credited with having lost $700,000. Recently Petit is said to have plunged heavily in wheat, associated with the bulls.

The first intimation that all was not well is said to have been gained by the banks a month ago, when more than $1,000,000 in paper of the Peavey concern suddenly appeared on the market.

Under the heavy strain, Petit nearly became a physical wreck. He was on the verge of nervous prostration when he took his family to the Moraine hotel at Highland park for the summer.

At 8:25 o'clock last Saturday his chauffeur, who had appeared in the Moraine hotel to take him into the city, noticed his body floating in two feet of water on the beach. He discovered Petit to be dead.

BEGINS PROBE ON 'GRAB' IN ALASKA

House Committee Calls Witnesses to Tell of Controller Bay Concession.

Washington, July 10.—Commissioner Fred S. Dennett, of the general land office, and Miss M. F. Abbott, a writer, both subpoenaed as witnesses, were present today when the house committee on expenditures in the interior department began an inquiry into charges of an alleged "grab" of valuable water front lands on Controller Bay, Alaska, by the Guggenheim interests.

Published charges have been made that Richard S. Ryan, of New York, claimed to be a secret agent of the Guggenheim syndicate, wrote a letter to former Secretary of the Interior Ballinger, declaring that he, Ryan, had asked Charles P. Taft to speak to his brother, President Taft, about the Controller Bay claims, and that following this the President "made no further objection to my claim." The land is said to have been wanted as a terminus for railroads from the Guggenheim mine properties.

President Denies It.

Commissioner Dennett was summoned to tell what he knew of an order by the President throwing the land open to entry. Miss Abbott claimed to have made a copy of the alleged letter from Ryan to Ballinger. Immediately following his return to Washington today, President Taft set his office force to work to investigate the Controller Bay affair. All four of the departments interested were requested to make investigations and report any information that might be found. The Controller Bay and Charles P. Taft letter files were searched for a letter to the President from his brother in regard to this matter, the report that such a letter had been written having been brought to the President's attention for the first time this morning. A telegram has been sent to Charles P. Taft's secrtary at Cincinnati, asking that an inquiry for such letter be instituted there. Mr. Taft said that he had never discussed R. S. Ryan or Controller Bay with his brother and had received no letter so far as he could remember.

Can't Find Letter.

Secretary Fisher today told President Taft that a careful search of interior department records failed to show the "Dick to Dick" letter in which it was alleged that C. P. Taft used his influence in behalf of navigation interests in Alaska to secure control of Controller Bay.

Secretary Fisher also told the President that he saw the article written by Miss Abbott before it was printed and remembered no such letter in the article.

Democrats Get Busy.

It developed yesterday that the Democratic leaders in the house lost no time in ordering an investigation of this matter because of a fear it would be made the subject of inquiry by the senate and "whitewashed." The Democratic body beat the Republican senate to the goal and now has first claim on all the records in the case.

Miss Abbott says she saw the Ryan letter in the files of the interior department and has published an alleged copy of the communication, which begins "Dear Dick," and is signed "Dick." This states that Charles P. Taft, the President's brother, had smoothed the way for Ryan's project at the White House.

The letter is no longer in the department files, which have been submitted to newspaper correspondents for inspection. The issue in this connection becomes a question of veracity between Miss Abbott and the interior department officials.

Taft Willing to Furnish Facts.

It is evident the whole incident is to have a thorough investigation. The President has said all along there is no mystery in the withdrawal of the 12,800 acres from the Chugach forest reserve, on the shore of Controller bay and he is willing to furnish all facts in his possession.

It never has been made clear, however, upon what recommendations he acted and he appears to have had considerable doubt that it was wise to take the step which allowed Ryan and his associates to file on the withdrawn lands.

BALLINGER SAYS PINCHOT IS GOING TO BE SHOWN UP

Seattle, Wash., July 10.—Charging that Gifford Pinchot's mother is heavily interested in a West Virginia coal mine, with naval contracts, and that Pinchot desires to keep the Alaskan coal fields closed so that these contracts will be continued until the Panama Canal is finished, R. A. Ballinger, former secretary of the interior, declared yesterday that the conservationists have overshot their mark in calling for the records in the Controller Bay matter, to be used in the congressional investigation which opens today.

Ballinger was wreathed in smiles when interviewed regarding the Washington dispatch to the effect that, beginning today there will be an inquiry into the restoration of Alaska lands, including the Controller Bay shore line.

"The conservationists have overshot their mark this time, in calling for the records and correspondence in regard to Controller Bay, as they will show that the application for the restoration of the Controller Bay lands was approved by the forestry department and opposed by me," declared Ballinger. "This inquiry, heralded with much eclat, will act as a boomerang on the Pinchot supporters and followers."

Ballinger declared any letter from Ryan purporting to have been written to and received by himself was manufactured if it in any way resembled the now famous "Dear Dick" letter.

Ryan has been run down here as to his connections and it has been found that he is working for an English syndicate, bitterly opposed to the Morgan-Guggenheim combination and that Probtswetzler & Company, Lord Court building, New York, are paying his expenses.

OFFERS HARMON FOR 1912.

National Chairman Mack Writes of Third Presidential Possibility

Buffalo, July 8.—That Norman E. Mack, chairman of the Democratic national committee, is not playing any favorites for the Democratic presidential nomination is indicated by the fact that in the July number of his National Monthly he presents the claims of Gov. Harmon, of Ohio, for the nomination. This formal presentation was preceded by the presentation of Gov. Marshall, of Indiana, and of Gov. Wilson, of New Jersey, in preceding numbers.

After reviewing Gov. Harmon's career and paying particular attention to his record as chief executive of his state, the article comments:

"To say that Judge Harmon is indifferent to the movement which is now nation-wide to make him the leader of the Democratic-progressive-patriotic majority of the national electorate in the presidential contest of 1912, would be to impeach his intelligence.

"If the exigencies of the impending 12 months call him as the leader in the final, and it is hoped, triumphant battle between manhood and mammon, he will advance the standard of the people with iron nerve and unswervable determination. If another is accorded the chieftainship he will be found at the front."

CALLS AVIATION SUICIDE

Catholic Church Places Ban on Reckless Flying.

London, July 11.—The Holy Congregation of Sacraments at Rome recently examined the case submitted by a French bishop who asked whether the priests of his diocese were authorized to refuse absolution to penitents who unnecessarily risked their lives through aviation.

The congregation answered that although aviation in itself did not constitute a sin, still "anybody who without extreme necessity exposed his life to great danger and either for mere amusement or just for lucre undertook a voyage in the aerial regions without the necessary preparation committed a grave sin." In other words an aerial voyage undertaken in such circumstances is compared to an attempt on a person's own life and it is consequently condemned by the church, as it practically amounts to suicide.

The church does not condemn aviation, which is regarded as a means of locomotion, and some time ago the pope granted the necessary authorization to the bishop of Versailles to bless an aeroplane, while recently the Archbishop of Paris allowed a mass to be celebrated at Vincennes before dawn in order to enable the aviators who took part in the aerial race of Sunday last to accomplish their religious duties.

WOMAN WRESTLES TWO MEN

Passengers on Ocean Liner See Fourth of July Bouts.

New York, July 10.—Miss Bertha Rapp, a teacher of calisthenics in Cincinnati, was the chief figure in the Fourth of July celebration on board the steamship Adriatic, just in from Southampton.

The young woman is about 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs about 150 pounds. Her specialty is wrestling, and she challenged any man aboard the ship to bouts of five minutes each, catch as catch can.

Two second cabin passengers, one an American bicycle rider, Arthur Libby, who weighs 140, and George Lahrmann, a German, who weighs 185, accepted the challenge.

Miss Rapp wore a sweater and a short skirt. Libby held out against the young woman in the first bout, but she put his shoulders to the mat in the third minute of the second bout.

Then she wrestled the stout German. He proved a tough proposition. They wrestled 20 minutes with intervals of rest between the five-minute bouts. The German had some science and much muscle, which, combined with his weight, resisted the efforts of the young woman to put him down.

The referee called the contest a draw at the end of the fourth bout, when neither wrestler seemed fit to continue.

HERE IS THE STORY OF A BIG WEEK'S WEATHER

CONTINUED high temperatures causing hundreds of deaths, and much suffering to both human and animal life, together with a further general deficiency in precipitation, marked the weather of the week over most of the districts east of the Rocky mountains, says the National Weekly Weather Bulletin of the weather bureau in Washington today.

In the corn-growing states west of the Mississippi some good rains occurred in the more western portions, but the first part of the week was intensely hot. In Iowa and Missouri the severe heat, with a very general absence of rainfall, intensified the drought conditions already prevailing, and similar conditions existed in portions of South Dakota, although the temperatures there were more moderate.

In the corn-growing states, east of the Mississippi, high temperatures continued, there was a general lack of sufficient rainfall and drought conditions are prevailing in many portions of those states.

In the states of the spring wheat belt the temperatures were more moderate, especially over the western portions, but precipitation was deficient in many sections, especially in the west portions of the Dakotas and over eastern Montana, where rain is now badly needed.

Over the Atlantic coast states from Virginia northward, the week was hot and mostly dry and vegetation is suffering in nearly all localities.

In the cotton-growing states weather conditions were, as a rule, more favorable, the temperatures were moderate and good rains occurred in many portions. It continues dry, however, over most of North Carolina and portions of Texas are still dry and more rain is needed in Oklahoma and Tennessee.

In the states west of the Rocky mountains cool weather was general, except in portions of California, Oregon and Nevada. Local rains occurred in portions of the southwest, but it was dry in most other localities.

In California weather continued favorable for the fruit and other industries, and similar conditions prevailed in the other fruit-growing districts of the west. Irrigation water continues generally plentiful.

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to Your Good Health and Pleasure
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R. F. D. MEN GET RAISE

Given $100 Annual Increase by Hitchcock.

Washington, July 10.—The 40,000 odd rural free delivery carriers in the United States are to receive salary increases as a result of a decision reached today by Postmaster General Hitchcock.

The order will provide for the disbursement, during the current fiscal year, of $4,000,000, which will mean an increase of $100 over the present salary of $900 for all carriers on standard routes.

The order will provide for the disbursement, during the current fiscal year, of $4,000,000, which will mean an increase of $100 over the present salary of $900 for all carriers on the shorter routes.

Congress provided last session for the expenditure of this extra $4,000,000, but left it to the discretion of the postmaster general as to how much of it should be expended. Mr. Hitchcock decided today to authorize the expenditure of the full amount.

His desire to compensate the carriers for any additional burden which may be placed on them if the parcel post system he has recommended for rural routes is approved by congress, was the important consideration, Mr. Hitchcock declared today, which led him to make the authorization.

"Now that the men are to receive such generous increases in pay," he said, "I feel that congress should lose no time in authorizing the carrying of parcels on rural routes. A parcel post system on rural routes can be conducted without any extra expense to the government, other than the $4,000,000 salary increase, which, in my judgment, would be more than offset by the parcel post revenue."

During the current year the rural service will cost the government about $40,000,000, the estimated loss being about $25,000,000. The postmaster general expressed the belief that the parcel post system, under proper management, would insure the maintenance and proper extension of the rural free delivery service, as a self-supporting branch of the postal service.

DECLARATION IS KEPT SAFE

Important Document, Preserved in 1841, Is Hermetically Sealed.

Washington, July 5.—The Declaration of Independence, that remarkable document the singing of which made Independence day, and which is now preserved in a hermetically sealed case in a steel safe in the state department, was saved when the British sacked Washington, burned the capitol and wrought other destruction in 1814, by being placed in an old mill near the chain bridge.

Among the correspondence in the archives of the state department are papers describing how General Stephen Fleasanton, assistant to the chief clerk of that department, fearing that the precious document would fall into the hands of the British, placed it with other valuable state papers in linen bags, which he carried to the old mill. When there seemed to him danger that the hiding place would be discovered he removed the documents to Leesburg, Va., where they were guarded for months until the British withdrew from the capital.

TROUBLED BY KNEE TROUSERS

President's Brother "Felt Foolish" in Garb Worn at Coronation.

Cincinnati, July 7.—President Taft's youngest brother, Horace Taft, who is in Cincinnati looking after the matters which need attention from some member of the family, said yesterday.

"Brother Charles has been having a great time at the coronation. He wrote me that he felt 'sort of foolish' in knee trousers and that he'd be mightly glad if he found out the other Americans who wore them were having as much trouble as he was to walk straight and didn't see him.

"But then I guess that the majority of the Englishmen who wore them were just as nervous and Charley didn't have much trouble in finding sympathizers.

CHILD REBUKES MRS. SCHENK

Wheeling, W. Va., July 5.—Virginia and Robert, the two children of John O. and Laura Farnsworth Schenk, were allowed to visit their mother Monday in charge of a deputy sheriff. It was their second visit to Mrs. Schenck since she was tried on a charge of poisoning her husband.

When the deputy retired from the room, leaving the children with their mother, little Virginia blurted out: "You poisoned my papa, and I don't want to have anything to do with you."

The children then ran out of the house screaming, and got back to their father's house ahead of the deputy.

WORLD TRUST TO BE CHECK ON WA

Gary Declares Steel Combine Is Step Toward Universal Peace.

Paris, July 10.—"This steel congress to my mind, is a long step toward universal peace," said Judge E. H. Gary, in answer to a question as just what the action recently started at Brussels means. "I don't want to get into too deep water, but I really think this will stop war.

"The steel industry is the most important in the world, and by this international association will be closely allied to the commerce of the world that it will wield a mighty hand in the politics of the world and will have influence to negative any proposed action which is apt to destroy a nation's basis of prosperity.

"Again, this congress has accomplished a wonderful thing in effecting an arrangement to standardize the steel products of the world. Standardization and specifications will do away with the thousand and one petty annoyances and expenses in steel business. It means a saving in the cost of production, as well as in the cost of machinery. You can say that I am absolutely satisfied with the results of the congress and see how an immense amount of good will result from it.

Not a Trust At All.

"If it doesn't mean the dawn of the industrial millennium, it is at least the twilight of a new and better era for the iron and steel industries of the world and all people connected with them.

"There is not the least semblance to what is so-called a trust. I should call the present congress a combination in friendly association of steel and iron manufacturers, for the purpose of advancement and better mutual understanding of all questions economical, ethical or sociological interest pertaining to the steel industry. The questions of regulation of prices, distribution of territory or attempts at the circumvention of the tariff laws as you have asked me, have no more part in the congress than a bar association, formed by attorneys, controls the individual actions of its members or regulates the fees they may charge.

It's Like Bar Association.

"I can use no better comparison than to liken the functions of the International association of steel industries to that of a bar association. The purposes are of the same order, and its powers are not greater. The association will do great good for the industrial world generally, and especially as concerns the relations of employers and employes. A standard will be set for dealing with workmen and determining how they shall be best housed and control the sanitary conditions under which they will work. This being the world's standard, you can count upon it as being the highest, and it will have an influence upon provisions made by employers of labor the world over."

BROWN WOULD BE SENATOR

New York Central Head Said to Want Kenyon's Seat.

New York, July 6.—A dispatch from Des Moines, Ia., states that W. H. Brown, president of the New York Central lines, is a candidate for the United States senate.

Mr. Brown, who worked as a farm hand in Iowa when a boy and has a 700-acres stock farm near Calrina, Ia., which he acquired after he attained wealth, is reported to have made arrangements to enter the Iowa primaries next year for the post now held by W. S. Kenyon, former general counsel for the Illinois Central railroad.

Before going into this fight, which promises to be long drawn and highly interesting, Mr. Brown, it is said, will resign from the presidency of the New York Central lines.

ONE BOY KILLS 484,320 FLI

Wins Contest When 1,250,000 Winged Pests Are Exterminated.

San Antonio, Texas, July 5.—One boy, a quarter million dead flies in one heap being a pile three feet high and six feet wide, represents the slaughter wrought by small boys as the result of a fly killing contest, which closed here today.

Robert Basse carried off first prize, $10 with an official record of 484,320 dead flies.

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